

G.I. JOE

52 BIG PAGES

10¢

NO.10

# G.I. JOE

ANC



**EXCITING  
BATTLE  
ACTION**

**RED DEVILS  
OF KOREA!**

**FIREWORKS APLENTY  
WHEN JOE MEETS  
SEOUL CITY LOU!**







WEB COMIC  
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# NEW WAR WEAPONS

## THE "RAM" TANKBUSTER

AT THE BEGINNING OF THE KOREAN WAR, THE RUSSIAN-MADE NORTH KOREAN TANKS SEEMED IMPREGNABLE! THEY COULDN'T BE STOPPED BY THE USUALLY RELIABLE BAZOOKA OF WORLD WAR II!



AND THIS WAS THE PATTERN-- WITH NORTH KOREAN ARMOR ROLLING ALMOST UNHAMPERED...



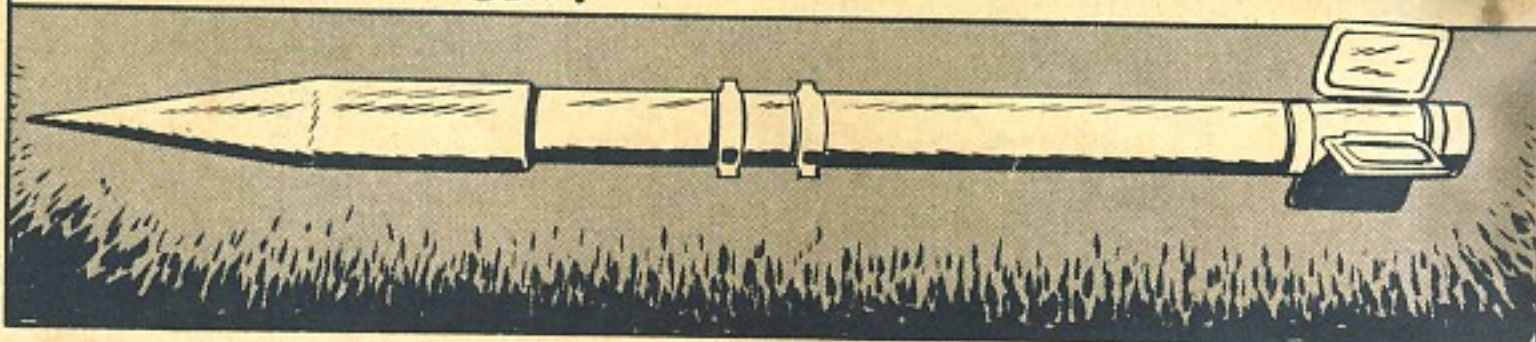
THEN, ON AUGUST 3, 1950, SOMETHING NEW TOOK PLACE IN THE AIR OVER KOREA. A CORSAIR FIGHTER LAUNCHED A ROCKET AT A LUMBERING T-34, FAR BELOW....



AND THE IMPOSSIBLE HAPPENED! THE T-34 WAS LICKED BY THE INCREDIBLE NEW WEAPON... FORGED BY AMERICAN INGENUITY, A MIRACLE OF PLANNING!



THE NEW MIRACLE WEAPON WAS "THE RAM," DEADLIEST TANKBUSTER MADE! WITH THE HITTING POWER OF ITS NAME SAKE, THE RAM TAUGHT A LESSON THAT THE REDS WILL NEVER FORGET!



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PURR IT AGAIN,  
LANA! WHY ARE YA  
SO BLASTED  
NUTS ABOUT ME?

WHY AM I YOUR  
**SLAVE**? BECAUSE  
YOU'RE SO DEVILISHLY  
HANDSOME... SO  
STRONG... SO  
**CLEVER!!**

**W**HERE THERE'S  
A BATTLE TO  
BE WON... OR AN  
IRKSOME G.I. DETAIL,  
SUCH AS K.P., TO BE  
PERFORMED.. THAT'S  
WHERE YOU'LL FIND  
THE MOST DARING  
FIGHTER... AND THE  
MOST CONSISTENT  
GRIPER... IN THE  
WORLD-- **G.I. JOE!!**



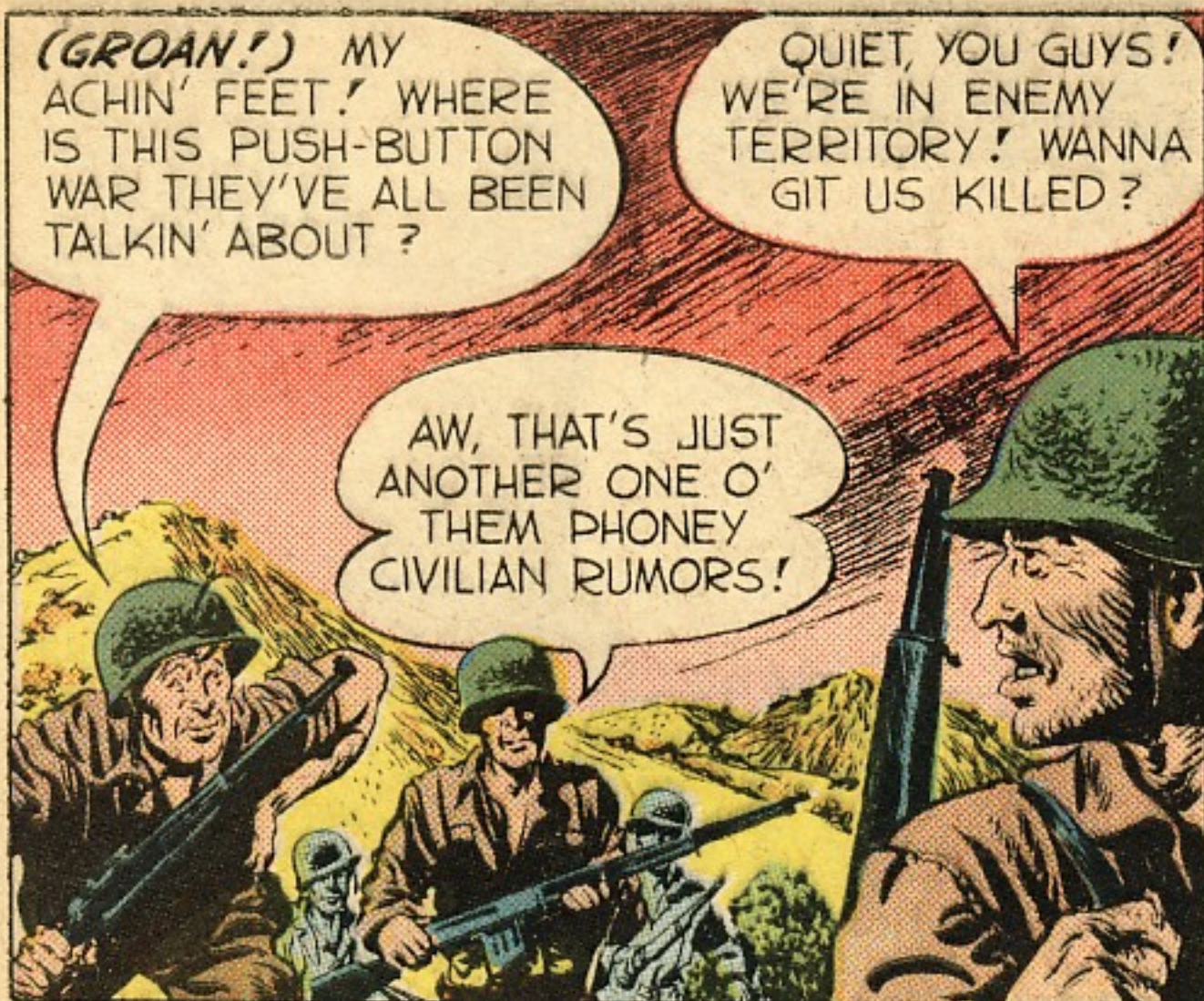
NOW AIN'T THAT A PRETTY  
PICTURE! PVT. JOE  
BURCH... ASLEEP AGAIN..  
PROBABLY DREAMING  
ABOUT HIS PET  
HOLLYWOOD  
PASSION... LANA  
BURNER!



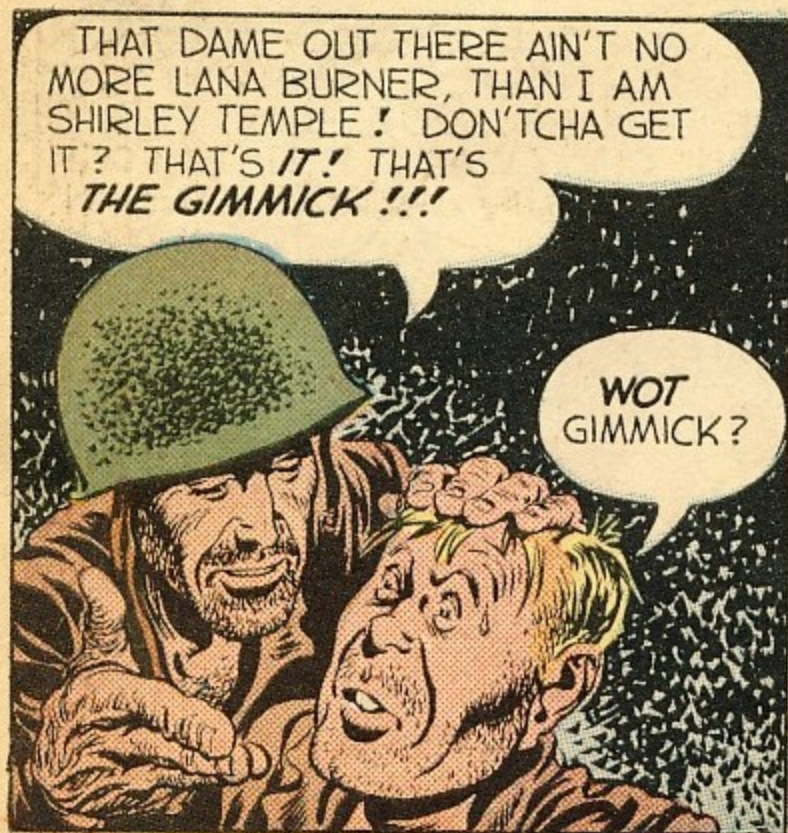
WAKE UP, YOU  
HOMELY SLOB!  
WE GOTTA GET  
MOVIN', JOE...  
**FAST!**

OKAY, SERGEANT  
MULVANEY... OKAY!  
BUT YOU JUST RUINED  
THE WORLD'S GREATEST  
ROMANCE...  
EVEN IF IT WAS  
**ONLY** A DREAM!





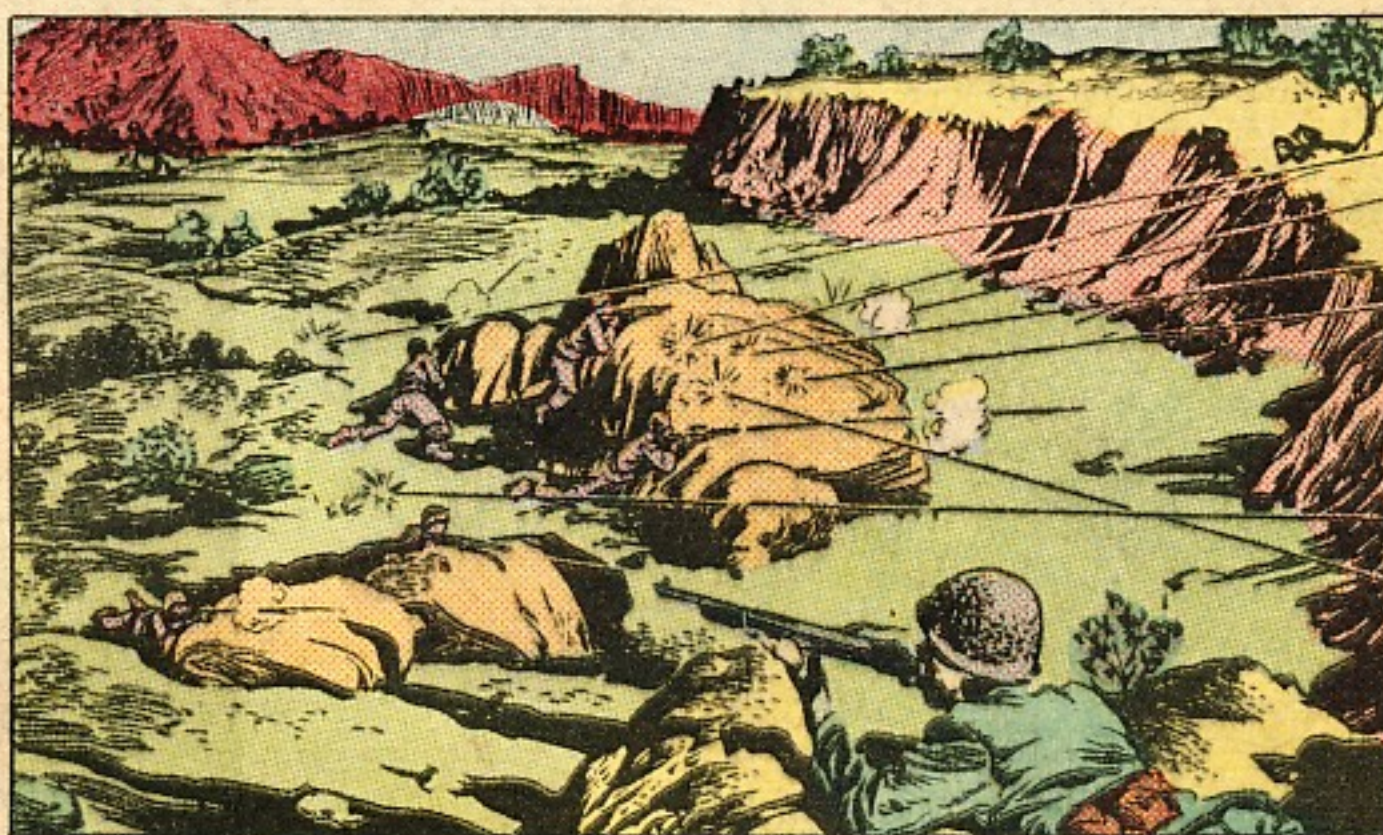




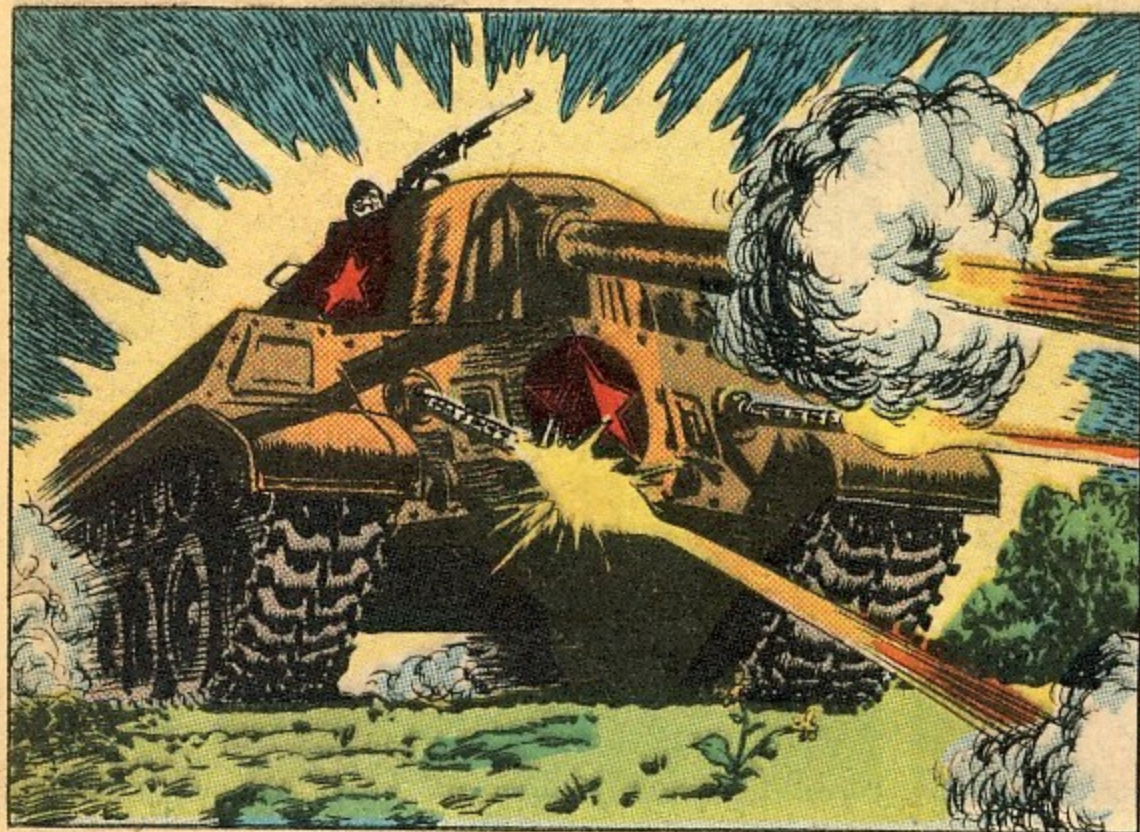




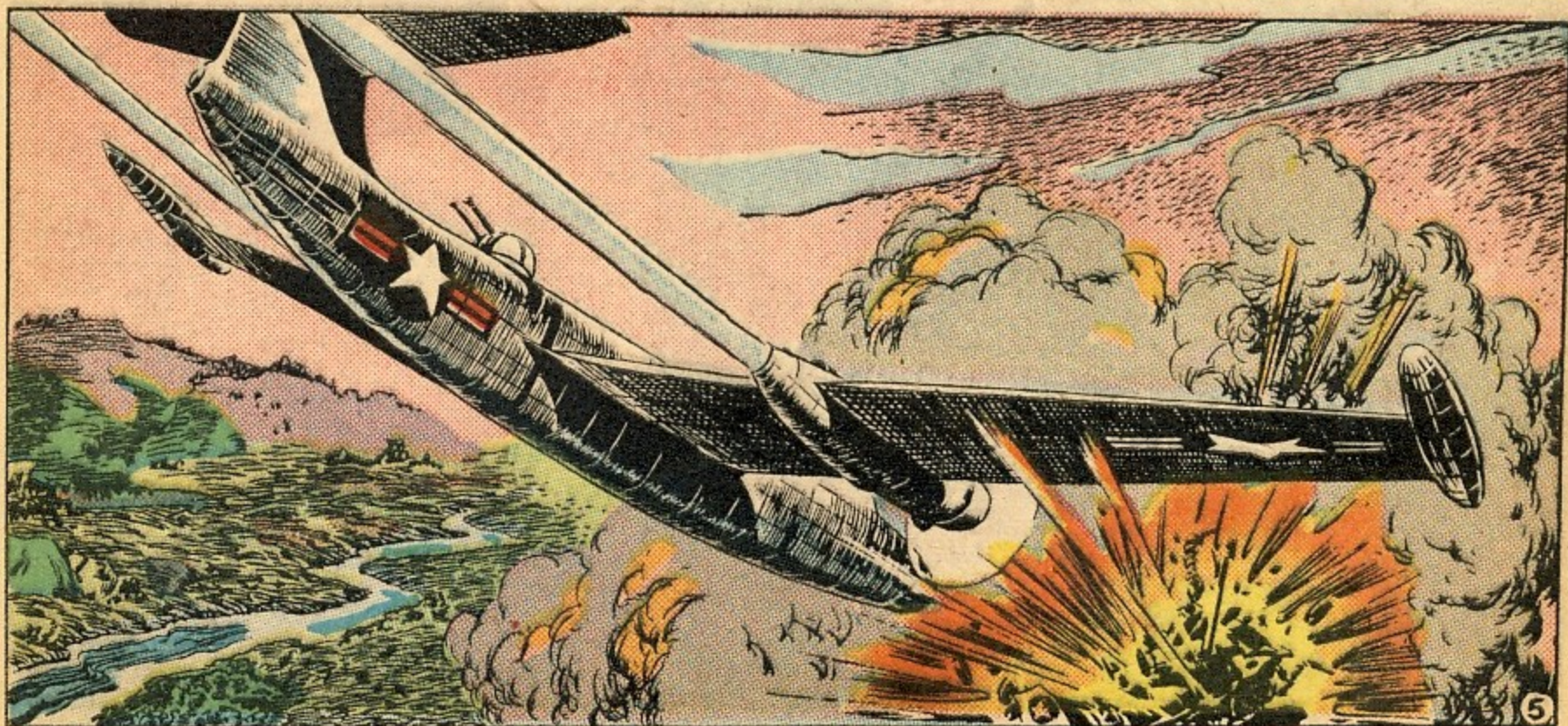
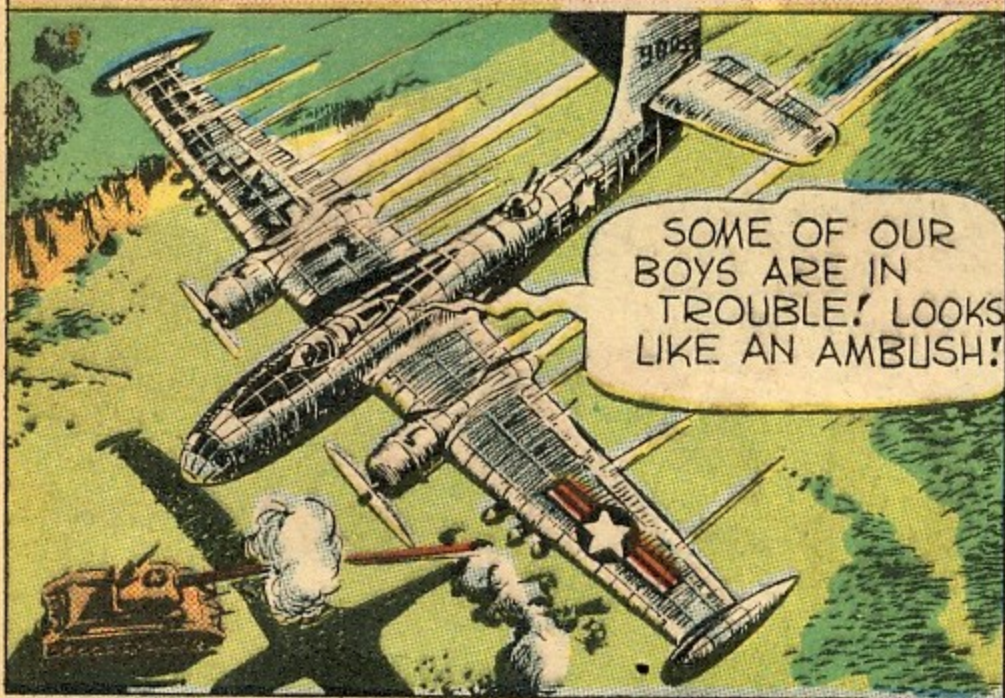
**S**GT. MULVANEY'S PATROL IS PINNED DOWN BY A CONTINUOUS BARRAGE OF ENEMY CROSSFIRE...







**B**UT IT LOOKS AS THOUGH A MIRACLE IS ON ITS WAY...







**S**HOOUTING, THE DOUGHFEET CHARGE AT THE DISORGANIZED FOE BLOCKING THEIR RETREAT...







WE GOT AWAY WITHOUT LOSIN' A SINGLE MAN!

JOE FOUGHT LIKE A DEMON!

AN' WHY NOT-AFTER THE WAY THOSE GOOKS TRIED TO MAKE A FOOL OUTA ME?\*



LATER, AT A REST AREA BEHIND THE LINES...

AN' WOT'S MORE, I HEAR EVEN OL' COLONEL IRONSIDES IS TICKLED PINK AT MY PART IN SOLVIN' THE MYSTERY!

GOLLY! THEY'LL PROBABLY PROMOTE YOU SO HIGH THEY'LL HAVE TO INVENT A NEW ENLISTED MEN'S RATING!



HEY, JOE! SERGEANT MULVANEY WANTS YOU RIGHT AWAY!

YOU CAN TELL THAT !!G\$! I'LL BE RIGHT OVER!



SHALL I LAUGH RIGHT OUT LOUD WHEN SGT. MULVANEY IS FORCED TO TELL ME OF MY PROMOTION...

OR SHOULD I JUST PRETEND I'M BORED??



PVT. JOE BURCH.. I HAVE CALLED YOU HERE BECAUSE OF A HIGH AND IMPORTANT OCCASION...

YES, YES! GO ON, SERGEANT...



HIGH AND IM-PORTANT OCCASION!  
**PHOOIE!**

The END



# G.I. Joe

DIE, ACCURSED  
YANKEE DOG!

NOT ME, COLONEL WAN-GOO!  
MY PROMOTION TO PRIVATE  
FIRST CLASS IS ABOUT DUE,  
AN' **NOTHING** WILL STOP  
ME FROM GETTIN' IT!

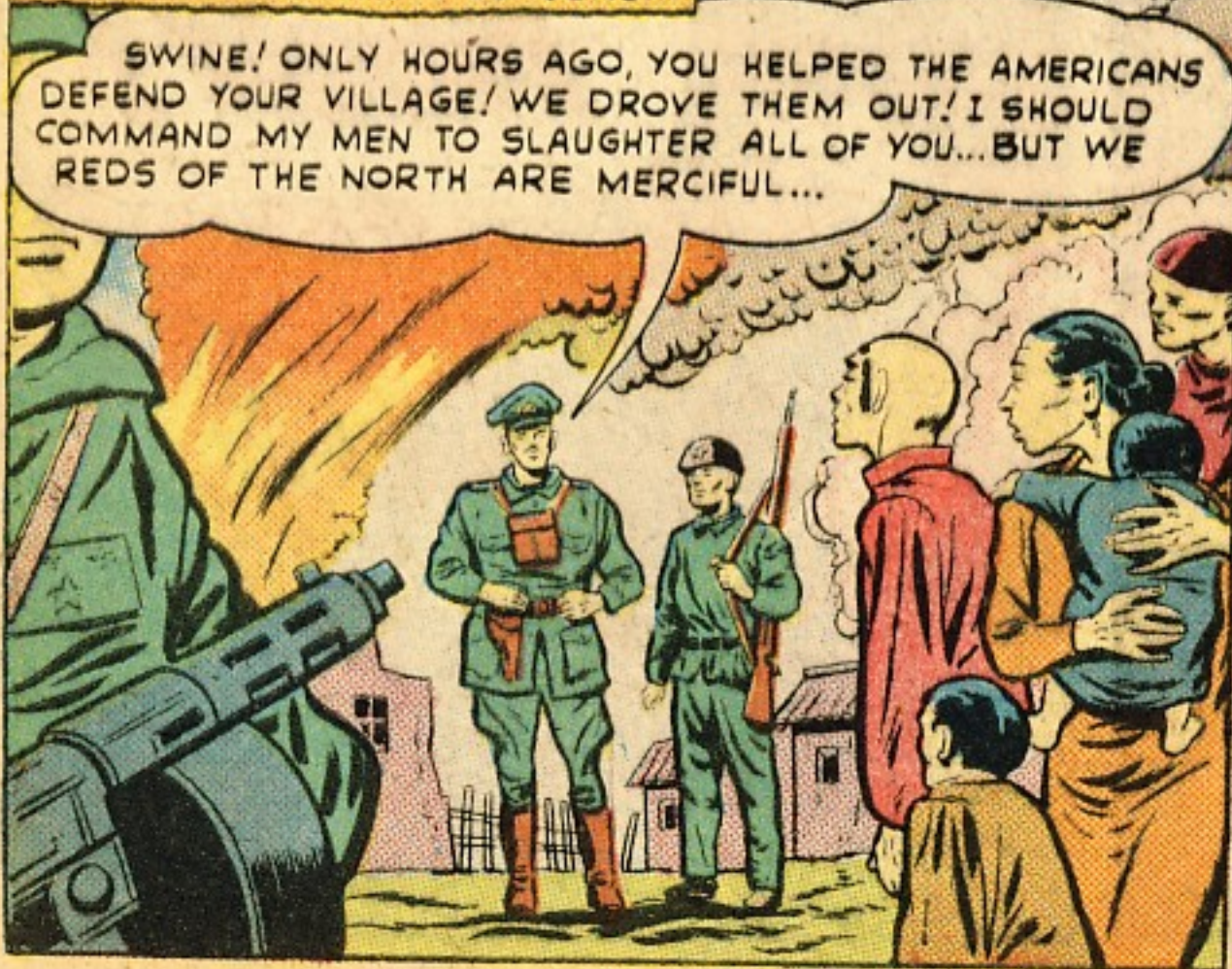
THE COMMIES HELD ALL THE ACES...  
OR SO IT APPEARED THEY DID...  
UNTIL TOUGH, DARING G.I. JOE  
PULLED SOME WINNING CARDS  
OUT OF HIS SLEEVE TO OUTWIT  
THE VICIOUS, BARBAROUS...

## RED DEVILS OF KOREA!

IN THE CENTER OF A SMALL, SACKED SOUTH KOREAN VILLAGE, COLONEL WAN-GOO, A RED COMMANDER, CONTEMPTUOUSLY VIEWS THE CAPTIVE VILLAGERS...

SWINE! ONLY HOURS AGO, YOU HELPED THE AMERICANS  
DEFEND YOUR VILLAGE! WE DROVE THEM OUT! I SHOULD  
COMMAND MY MEN TO SLAUGHTER ALL OF YOU... BUT WE  
REDS OF THE NORTH ARE MERCIFUL...

INSTEAD, WE WILL PERMIT YOU TO REDEEM YOUR-  
SELVES BY LEADING OUR ATTACK ON THE  
RETREATING AMERICANS! OF COURSE,  
YOU WILL BE UNARMED... AND THE  
TENDER-HEARTED AMERICANS  
WILL UNDOUBTEDLY  
HOLD THEIR FIRE...  
WHICH SHOULD GIVE  
OUR NOBLE SOLDIERS  
THE ADVANTAGE!







NO! YOU CANNOT GO THROUGH WITH THIS HORRIBLE ACT OF BARBARISM!

AND WHO ARE **YOU**, OLD MAN?



I AM CHINDU, MAYOR OF THE VILLAGE, AND THAT IS MY SON YAN... **AIEE!**

YOU ARE NOW THE **EX-MAYOR!**

**("MURDERER!")**

QUIET, OR YOU WILL BE KILLED, TOO!



ANYONE ELSE DARE COMPLAIN...MAN, WOMAN, OR CHILD? NO? THAT IS FINE! GO, NOW... AND BURY YOUR DEAD!



WHY, THAT NO-GOOD, BLANKETY-BLANK LOUSE! LEMME GO! I'LL...

SILENCE! USE YOUR HEAD, OR YOU WILL BE DISCOVERED!



THE "NATIVE" IS NONE OTHER THAN G.I. JOE!

WE WILL HAVE OUR REVENGE BUT THE TIME IS NOT RIPE...YET!

THE DIRTY KILLER! COLONEL WAN-GOO WON'T GET AWAY WITH THIS CRIME!-OKAY, I'LL SHUT UP!



HOW DID PRIVATE JOE BURCH EVER LAND IN THIS MESS? LET'S TURN BACK THE CLOCK...

MOVE FASTER, YOU GUYS! WE'RE OUTNUMBERED! WHERE IN BLAZES ARE YA?

I'M COMIN', SERGEANT MULVANEY!



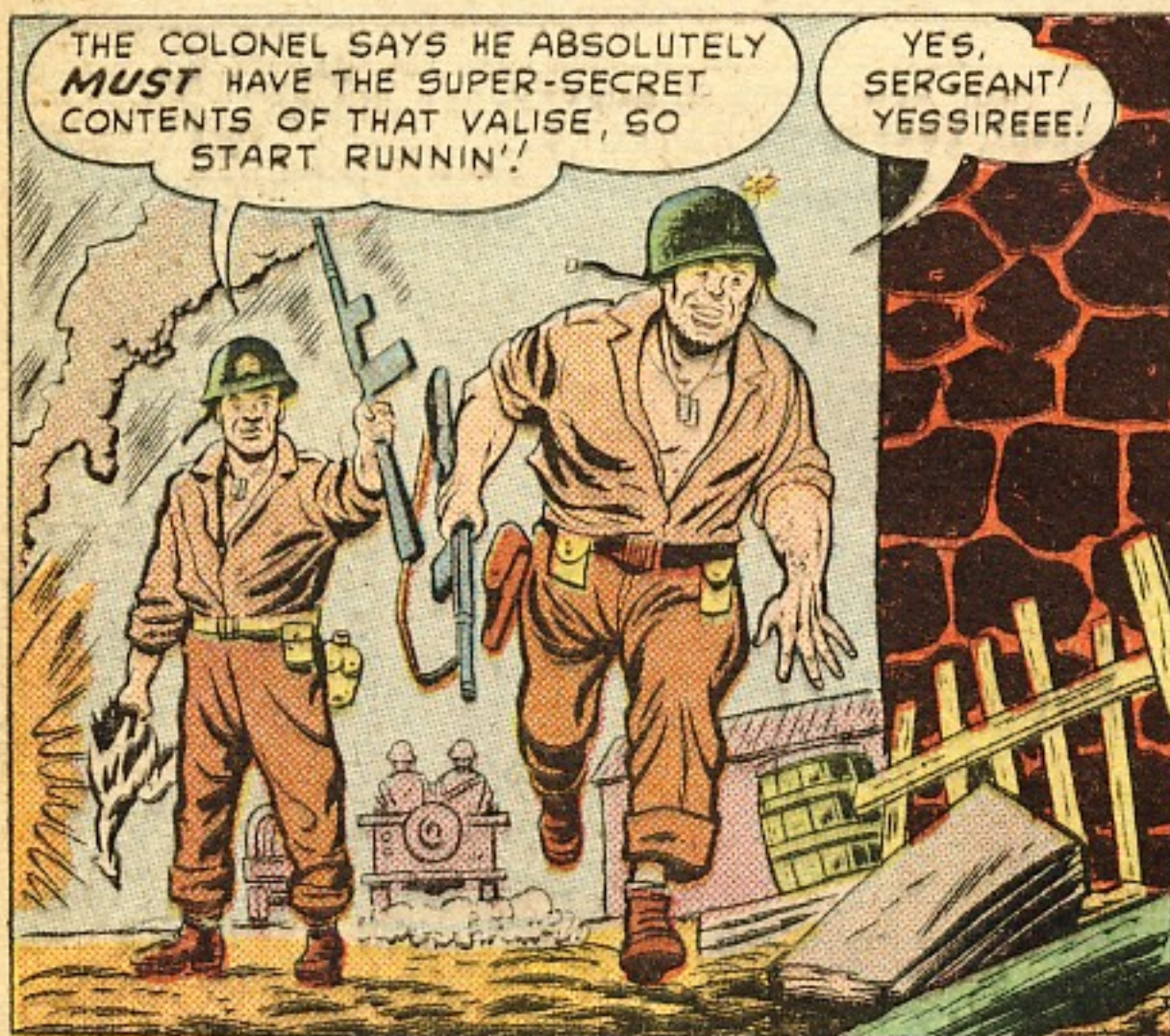


AN' WOT TARNATION ARE YOU DOIN' WITH THAT ROOSTER?

WELL, YOU SEE, SERGEANT MULVANEY, I JUST HAPPENED TO ACCIDENTLY COME ACROSS THE CRITTER! HE LOOKED LONELY, IT OCCURED TO ME THAT THE LITTLE CHAP MIGHT BE HAPPIER IF HE KNEW I WOULD FRY HIM FOR CHOW...



HERE, WE'RE ALL ABOUT TO BE SLAUGHTERED, AN' ALL YOU CAN THINK ABOUT IS YOUR STOMACH! GIMME THAT ROOSTER, AN' GO BACK AFTER COLONEL IRONSIDES' VALISE MARKED "X" IN HIS TEMPORARY HEADQUARTERS!



THE COLONEL SAYS HE ABSOLUTELY **MUST** HAVE THE SUPER-SECRET CONTENTS OF THAT VALISE, SO START RUNNIN'!

YES, SERGEANT! YESSIREEE!

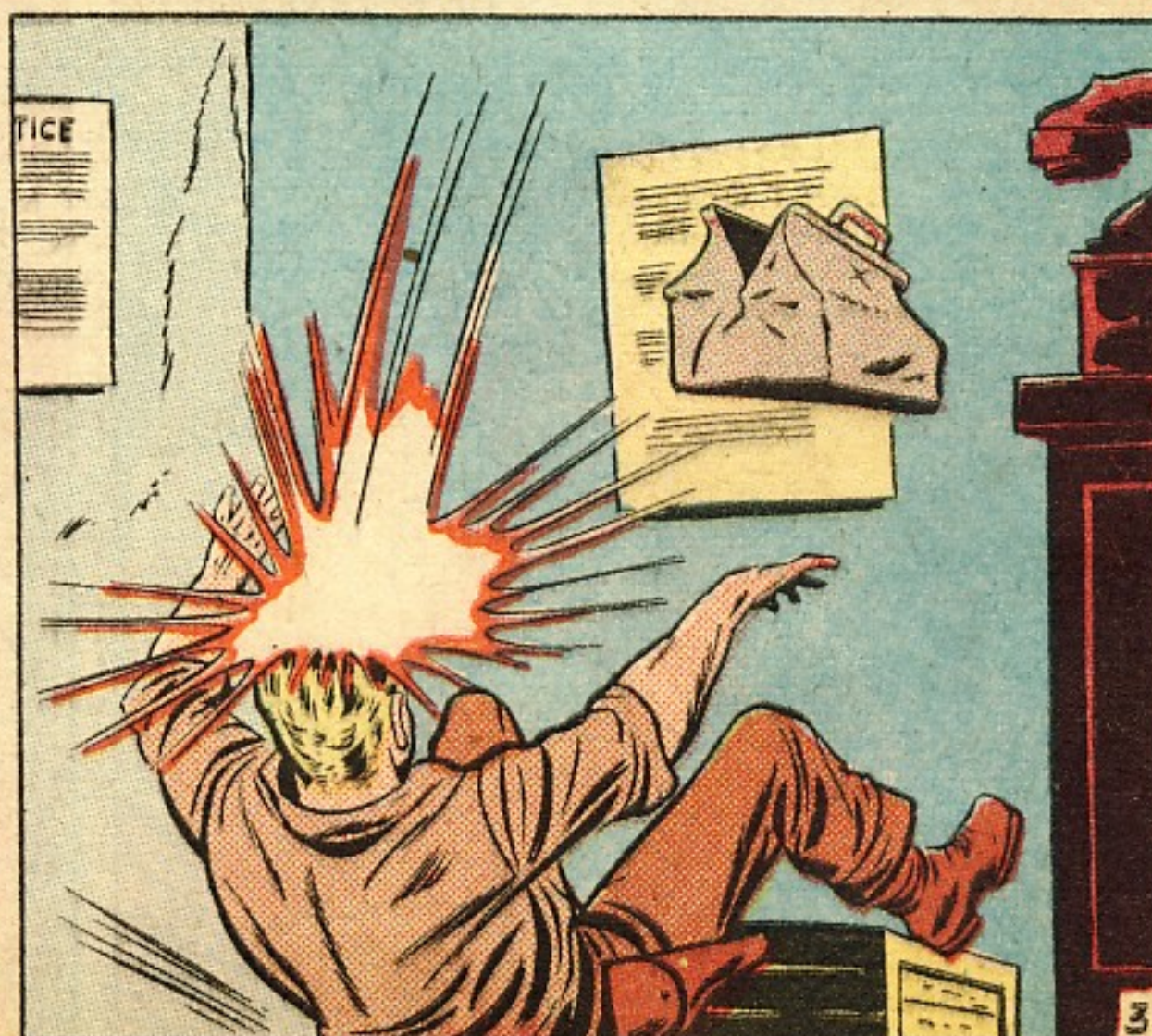


WHY SHOULD YOU SACRIFICE YOURSELF TO A LOWLY BUCK PRIVATE, WHEN YOU CAN SACRIFICE YOURSELF TO **ME**, A SERGEANT?!

SQUAAAWK!



THERE YOU ARE! C'MON DOWN... **OOPS!**





LATER, G.I. JOE REVIVES...

WOT HIT ME? I REMEMBER! I WAS REACHIN' FOR THAT VALISE FULL OF THE COLONEL'S IMPORTANT SECRETS, WHEN IT FELL ON ME!



THE COLONEL'S SECRET IS... HIS SPARE TOUPEES!!!



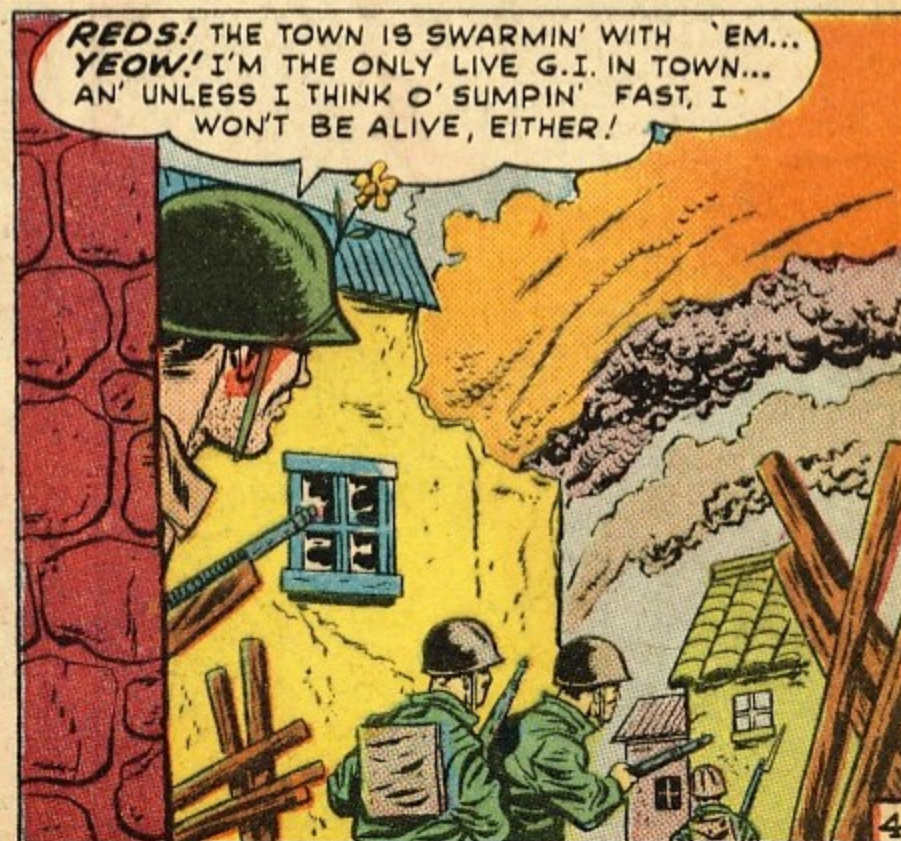
IT'S QUIET OUTSIDE... STRANGELY QUIET! I BETTER GO SEE WHAT'S DOIN' OUT THERE!



HE'S DEAD! FUNNY I DON'T HEAR ANY MORE SHOOTIN' OUTSIDE! I BETTER TAKE ANOTHER LOOK!



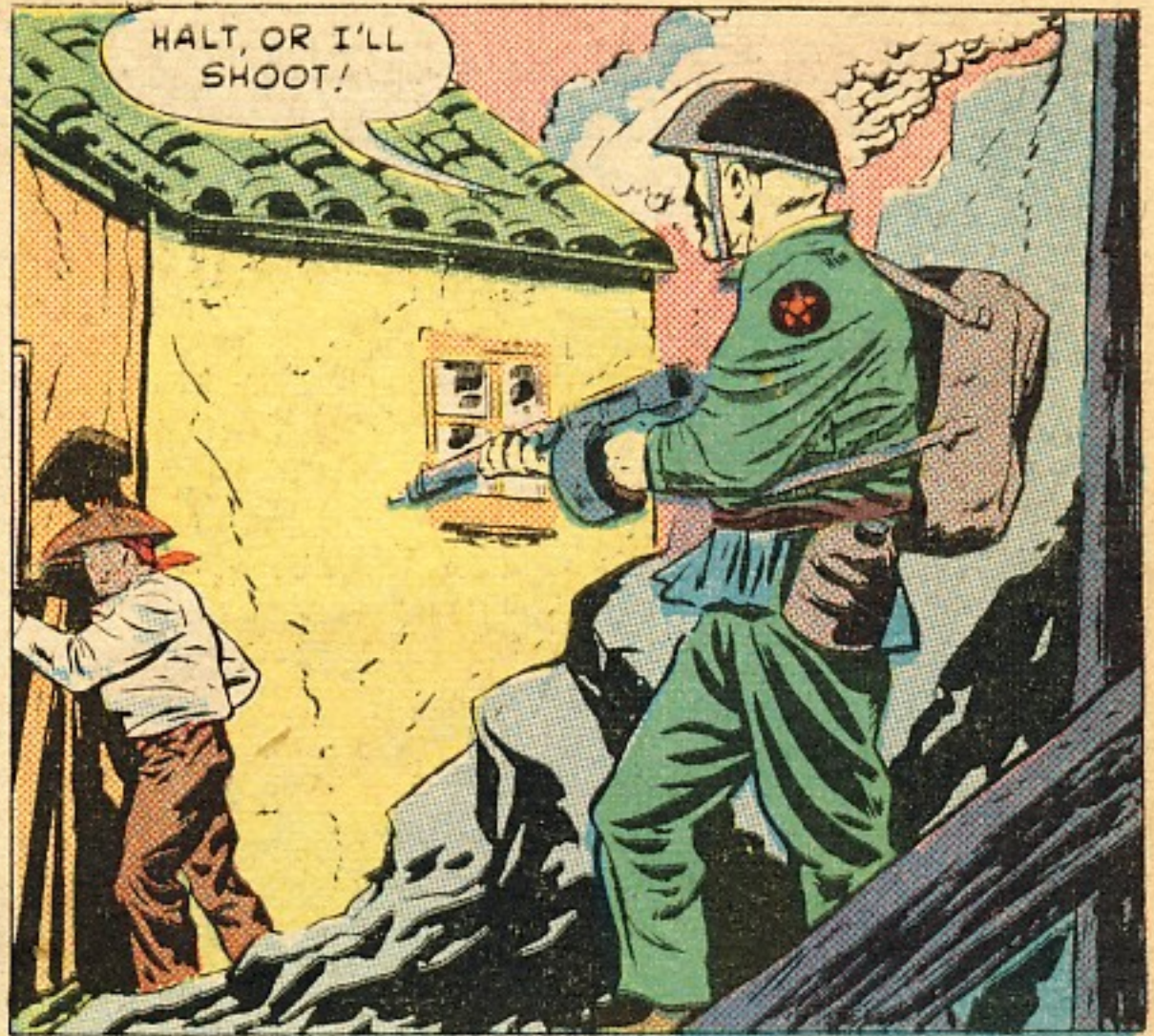
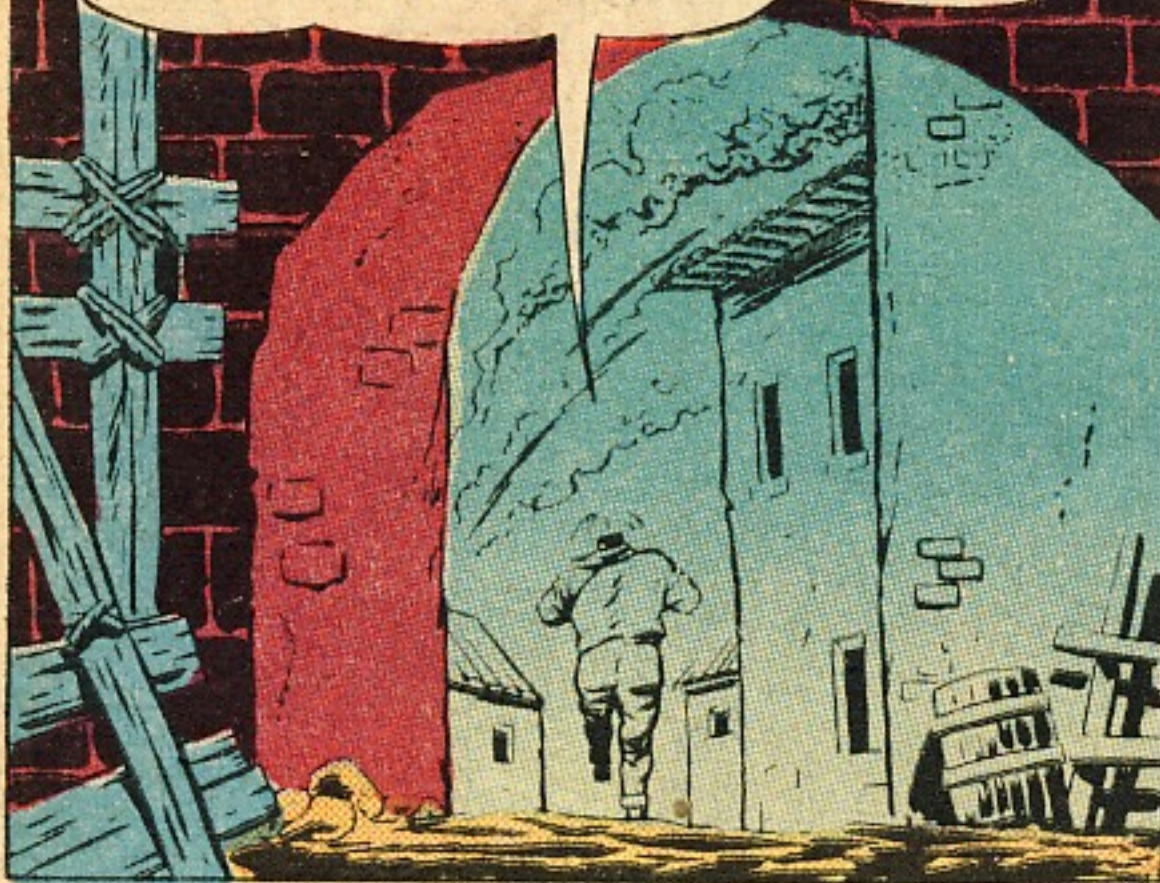
REDS! THE TOWN IS SWARMIN' WITH 'EM... YEOW! I'M THE ONLY LIVE G.I. IN TOWN... AN' UNLESS I THINK O' SUMPIN' FAST, I WON'T BE ALIVE, EITHER!





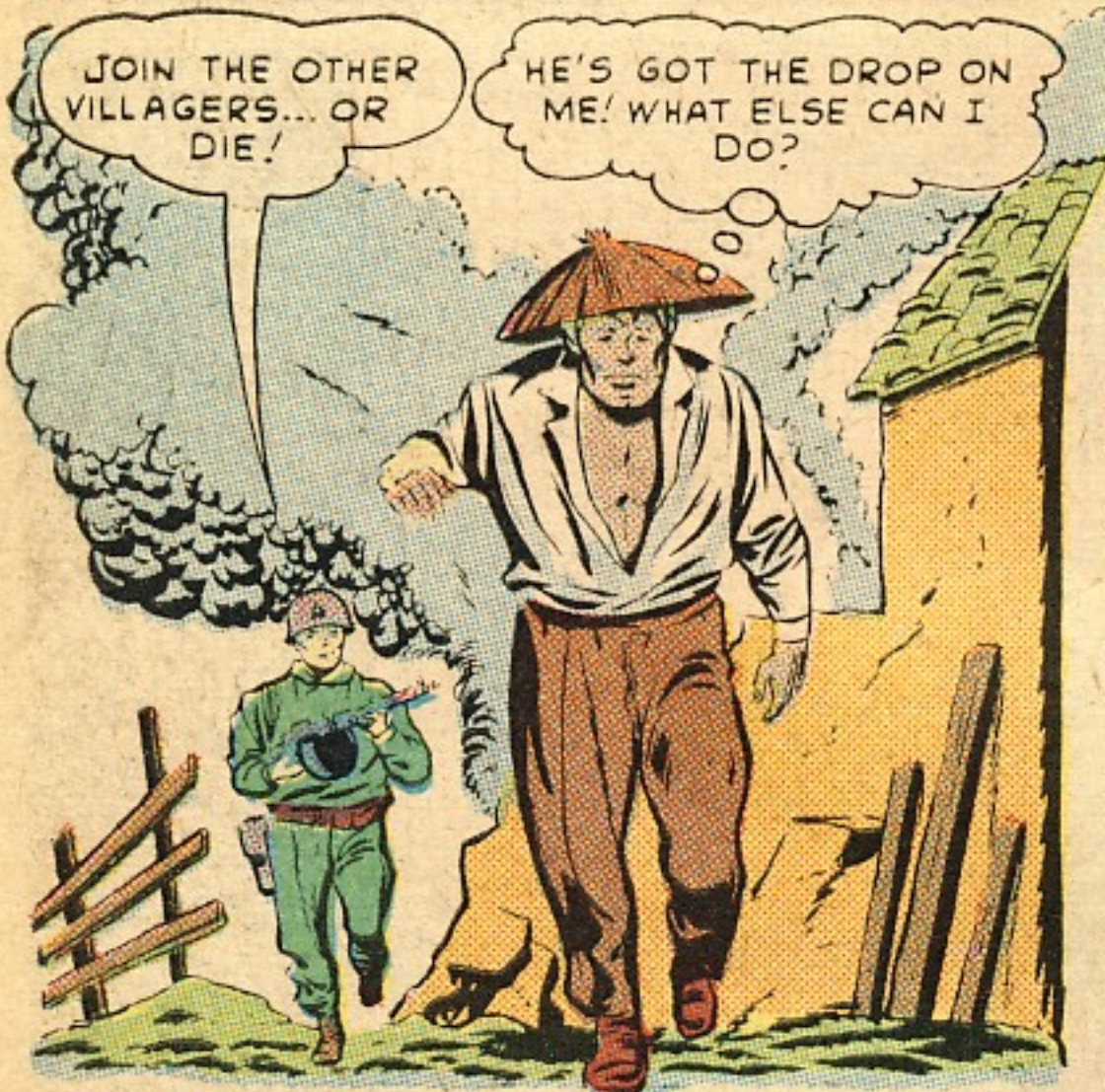
G.I. JOE SWITCHES GARMENTS WITH THE SLAIN VILLAGER, THEN DARKENS HIS SKIN WITH SOIL...

NOW TO SLIP INTO THE WOODS AN' HIGHTAIL IT BACK TO MY BUDDIES!



JOIN THE OTHER VILLAGERS... OR DIE!

HE'S GOT THE DROP ON ME! WHAT ELSE CAN I DO?



WHICH BRINGS US BACK TO THE PRESENT, AND EXPLAINS HOW G.I. JOE HAPPENS TO BE WITH HOSTAGE KOREANS, DISGUISED AS ONE OF THEM!

I GOT AN IDEA! I'LL PASS THE WORD ALONG!



I HAPPEN TO KNOW WHERE WE BURIED SOME GRENADES, YAN... AND OTHER AMMO... JUST IN CASE WE HAD TO PULL OUT TOO FAST TO TAKE 'EM ALONG...

WE'LL DIG THEM UP.. AND CONCEAL THEM ON US... WHILE BURYING OUR DEAD! THEN, WHEN YOU GIVE ME THE SIGNAL... WE'LL ATTACK!



UNDER THE UNSUSPECTING EYES OF THE GUARDS, THE TOILING VILLAGERS, ARM THEMSELVES WITH HAND GRENADES, AND OTHER SMALL ARMS...





COLONEL WAN-GOO, COME TO GLOAT OVER THE VILLAGERS' PLIGHT, COLLIDES WITH TOILING G.I. JOE!

CLUMSY IDIOT!



I SHOULD SHOOT YOU DEAD!

OWW!

FROM HERE ON, COLONEL WAN-GOO, THIS FEUD IS GOIN' TO BE **PERSONAL!**



LATER--AS THE VILLAGERS MARCH TOWARD THE AMERICAN LINES, PRODDED ON BY THE RUTHLESS FOE...

NOW?

NOT NOW!



SOON...

WHEN I GIVE THE SIGNAL--CHARGE THE AMERICAN LINES! ANY WHO FALTER OR HALT...WHETHER IT BE MAN, WOMAN, OR CHILD...WILL BE SHOT DOWN AT ONCE BY MY MEN!



NOW! GO!!!

YOU HEARD HIM! NOW!!



YEAH-AAGH! TREACHERY!

ATTA BOY! GIVE IT TO THEM BUMS!!!





AND IN THE AMERICAN LINES...

SOMETHING CRAZY IS HAPPENING TO THE ENEMY! IT LOOKS LIKE THEY'RE FIGHTING AMONG THEMSELVES!

THIS MAY BE OUR OPPORTUNITY TO TURN THE TIDE IN OUR FAVOR, THOUGH OUTNUMBERED! **ATTACK!!!**



AS OUR G.I.'S CHARGE INTO THE FRAY, IN BLOODY HAND-TO-HAND COMBAT THE BATTLEFIELD BECOMES THE SCENE OF A TITANIC STRUGGLE FOR LIFE-AND-DEATH...



GIVEN EVEN THE SLIGHTEST CHANCE FOR VICTORY, OUR OUTNUMBERED FIGHTERS CANNOT BE STOPPED!



WE'RE LOSING! I'LL FLEE...SAVE MY SKIN...SO I CAN FIGHT ANOTHER DAY FOR MY RED MASTERS!

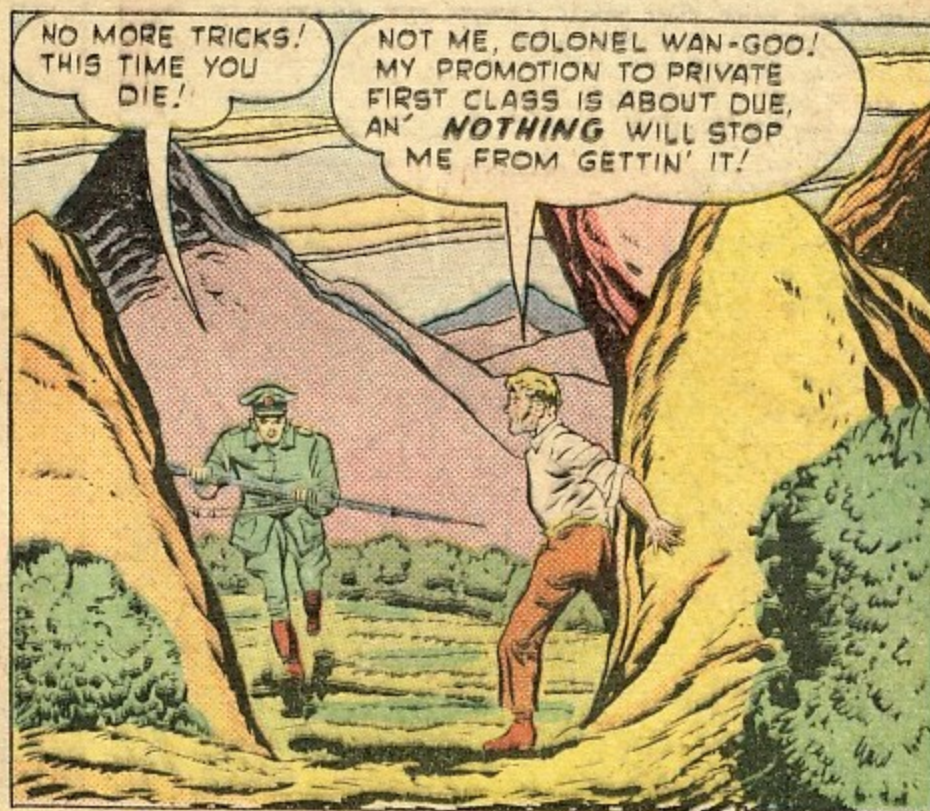


WELL, WELL! IF IT ISN'T MY LITTLE CHUM... WHO GAVE ME THAT KICK IN THE SLATS! IT'S SO NICE MEETING YOU!

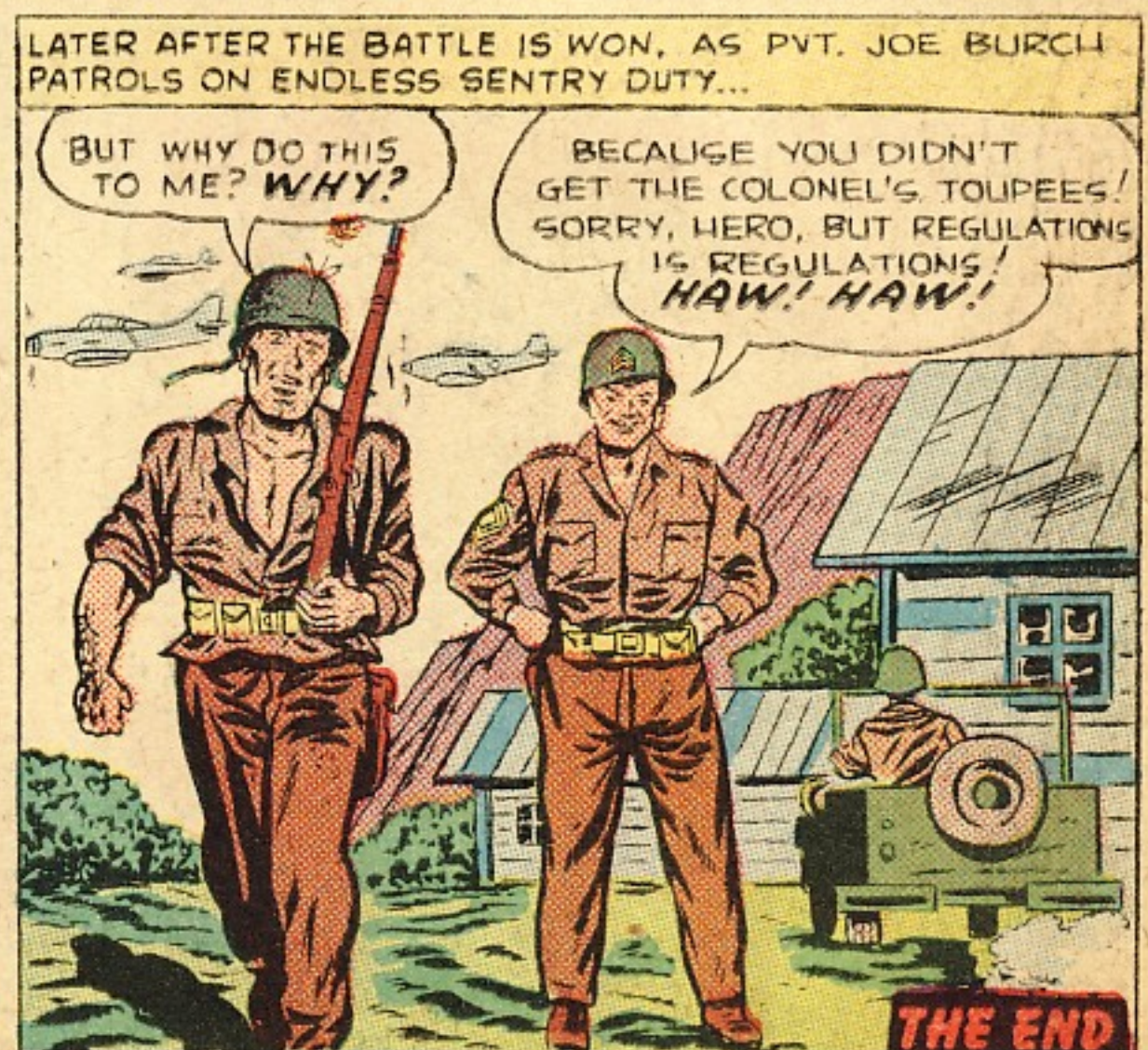
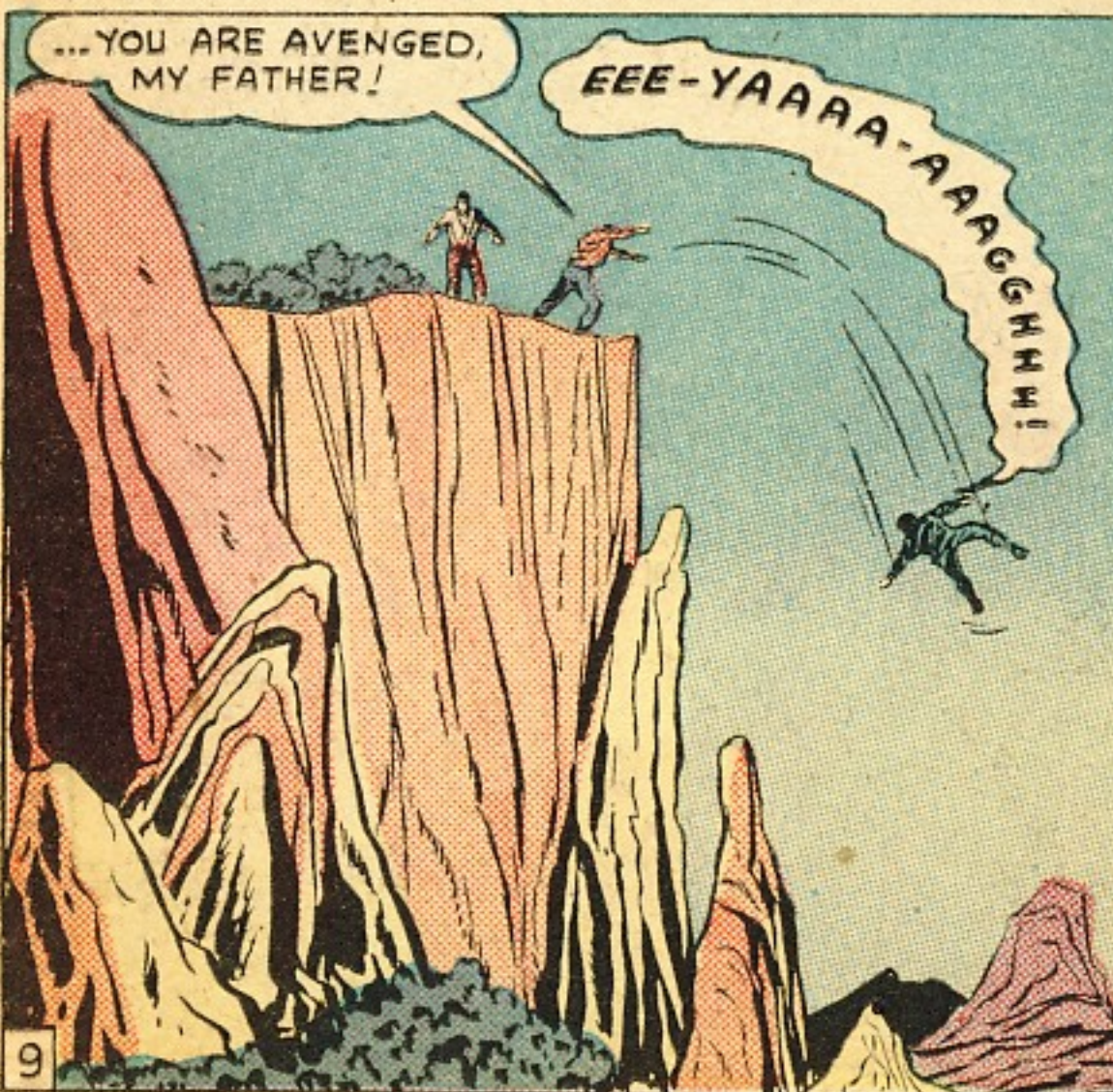
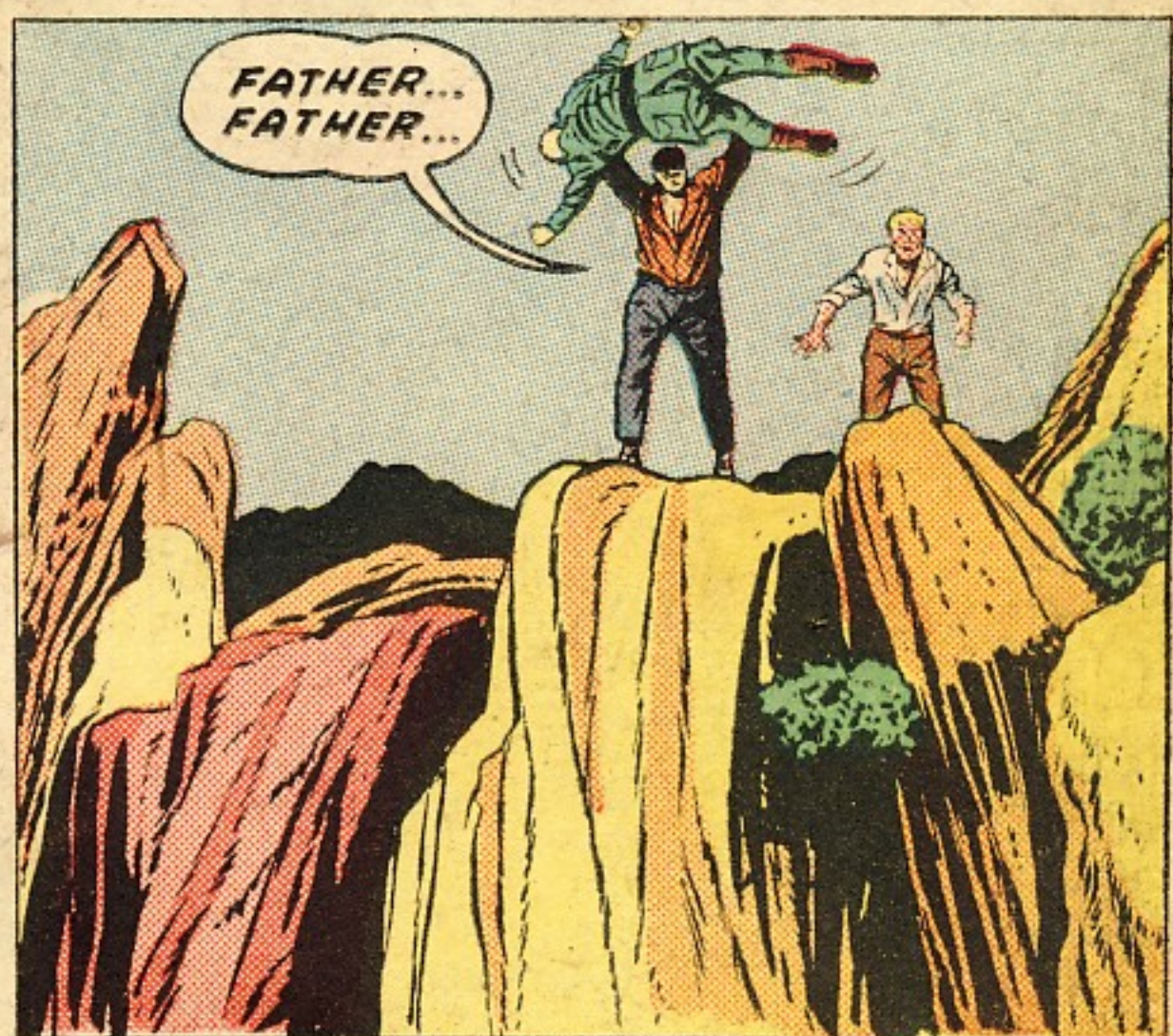
OUT OF MY WAY!













# THE TWO YARDBIRDS

L-LOOK, WINDY! TH-THERE'S TWO STRANGE GUYS UP AHEAD! WH--WHAT DO WE D--DO?

E--EASY, DOES IT, KID! WE'LL JUST HOLD OUR GROUND AND LET TH--THEM MAKE THE FIRST MOVE!

"GUARD DUTY"

De Carlo  
AND  
Lapick

DISPLAYING TYPICAL TEAMWORK, FT. DUNCAN PVTS. WINDY BRAGG AND WHITEY HICKS ARE SPLITTING A K.P. DETAIL IN COMPANY D'S MESSHALL! AS USUAL, WHITEY DOES THE WORK WHILE WINDY SUPERVISES...

LIKE I SAY, KID, YOU STICK CLOSE TO ME AND YOU'LL GO PLACES IN THIS MAN'S ARMY!

MAYBE SO, WINDY, BUT THE WAY SGT. GRUFF KEEPS AFTER US YOU'D THINK WE WERE THE ENEMY, OR SOMETHIN'!

DON'T LET THAT GRUFF THROW YA, WHITEY! THEY'RE ALL ALIKE! LOTS OF BARK BUT NO BITE!







NO BITE, EH?

D-DON'T GET ME WRONG, SARGE! I WAS ONLY...



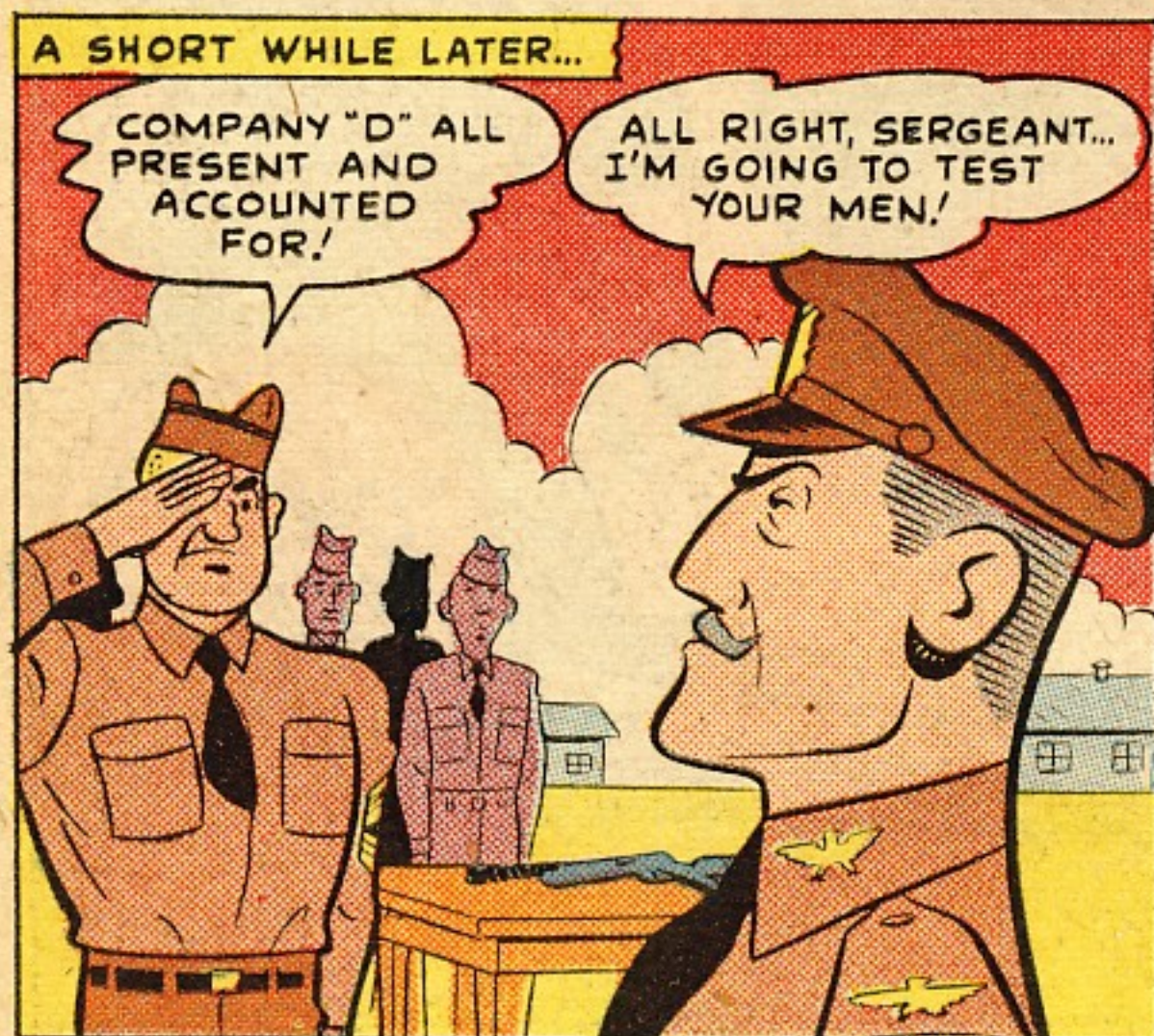
SHOOTIN' YOUR BIG MOUTH OFF, AS USUAL! WE'LL GET TO YOU LATER! RIGHT NOW, BOTH OF YA GET OUTA THEM FATIGUES AND INTA CLASS 'A' UNIFORMS! COL. STONE'S PULLIN' A INSPECTION AND EVERY MAN'S TO BE PRESENT! **SO HOP TO IT!**



AND AS THEY MAKE THEIR CHANGE...

DID YA NOTICE HOW I HANDLED HIM, KID? LIKE ICE... COOL AS YA PLEASE!

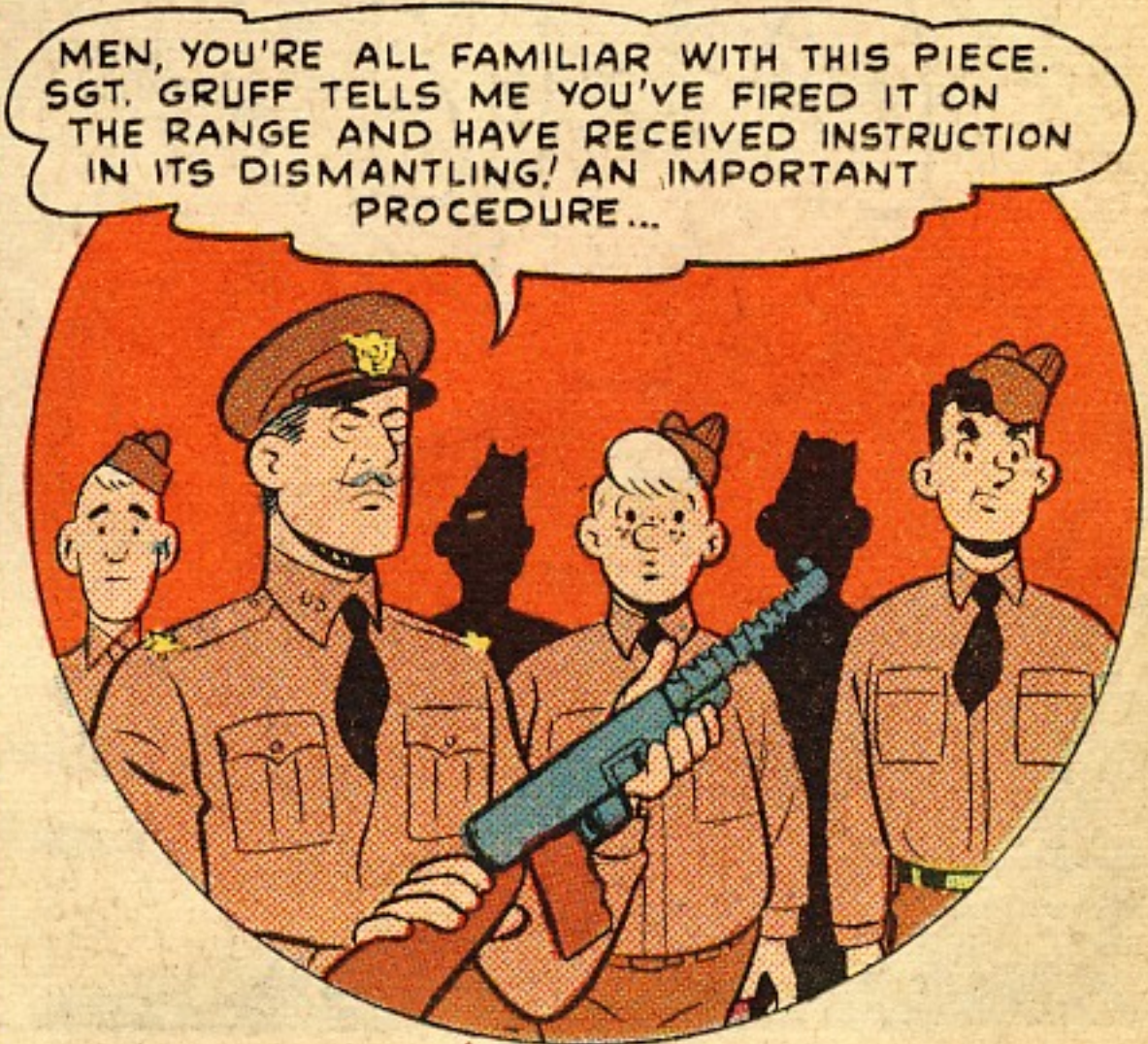
UH-HUH, BUT WE'D BETTER GET MOVIN'! EVERYONE'S FALLIN' OUT ALREADY!



A SHORT WHILE LATER...

COMPANY "D" ALL PRESENT AND ACCOUNTED FOR!

ALL RIGHT, SERGEANT... I'M GOING TO TEST YOUR MEN!



MEN, YOU'RE ALL FAMILIAR WITH THIS PIECE. SGT. GRUFF TELLS ME YOU'VE FIRED IT ON THE RANGE AND HAVE RECEIVED INSTRUCTION IN ITS DISMANTLING! AN IMPORTANT PROCEDURE...



...SO IMPORTANT THAT I MAKE IT A POINT TO SPOT-CHECK A FEW MEN OUT OF EACH COMPANY!

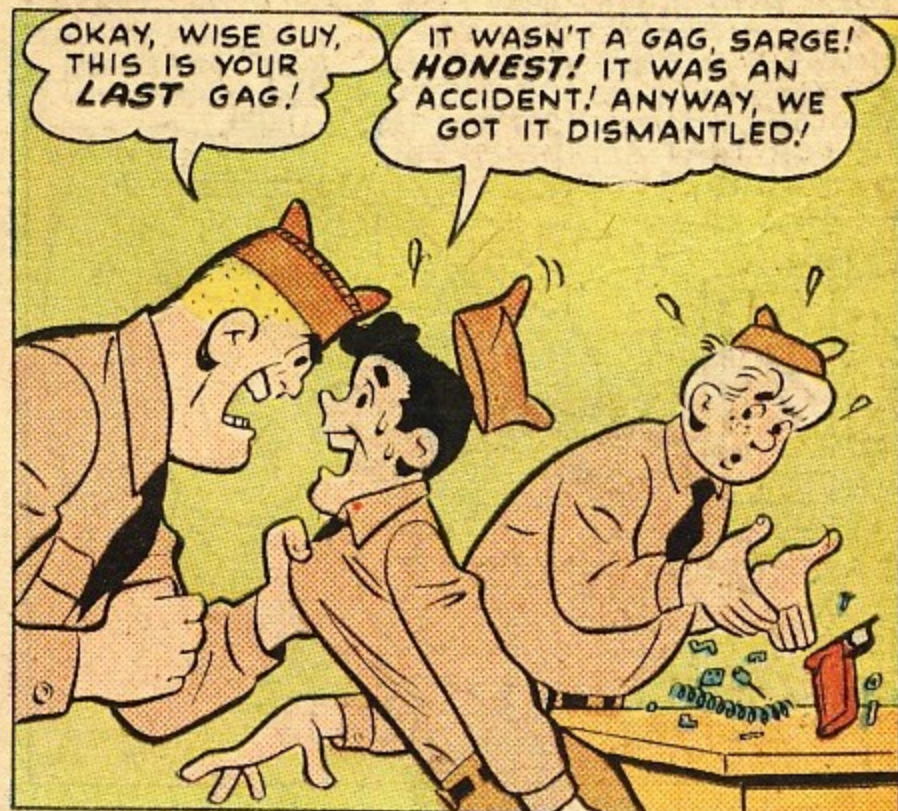


YOU TWO! STEP FORWARD AND **STRIP** IT DOWN!

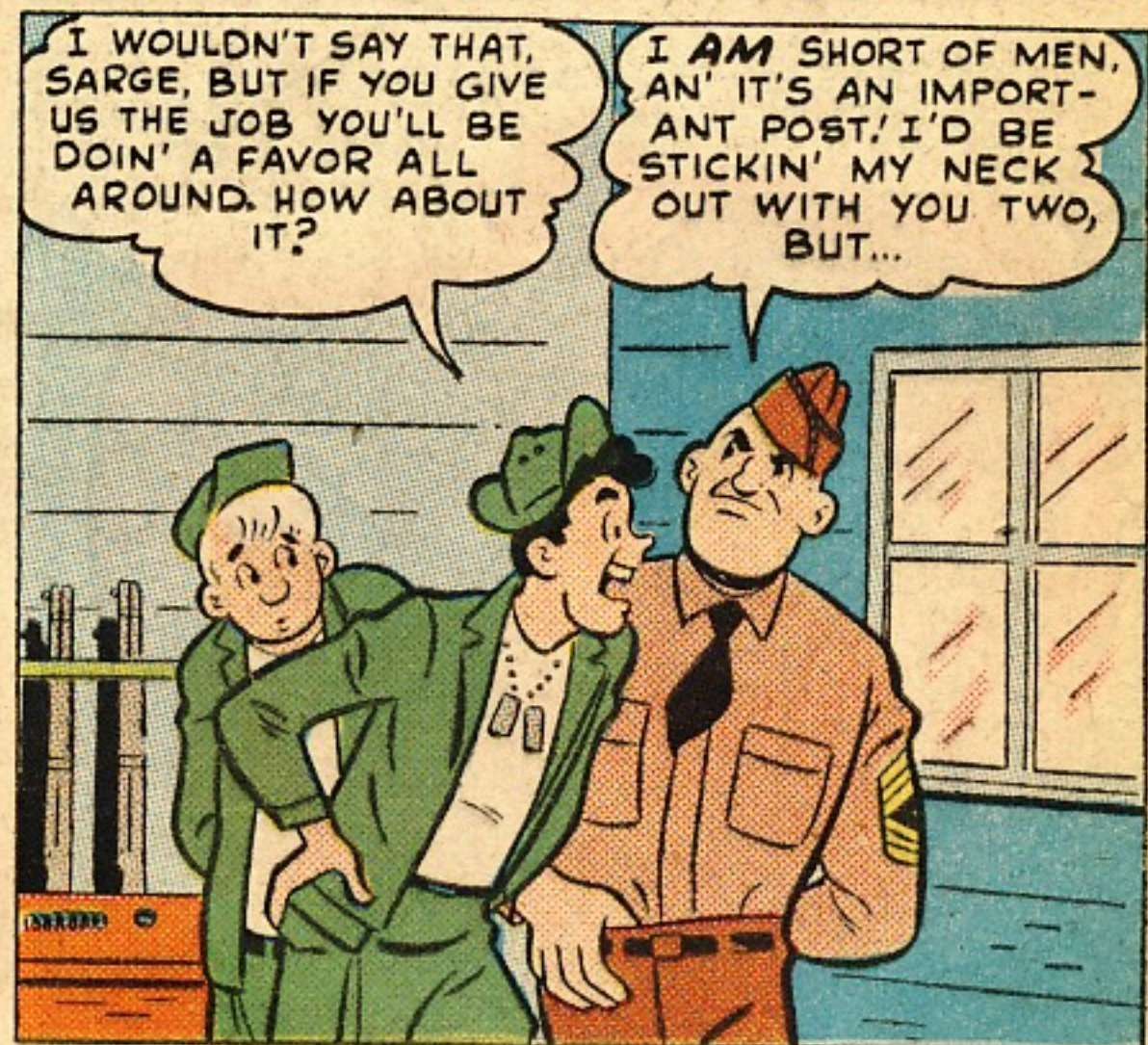
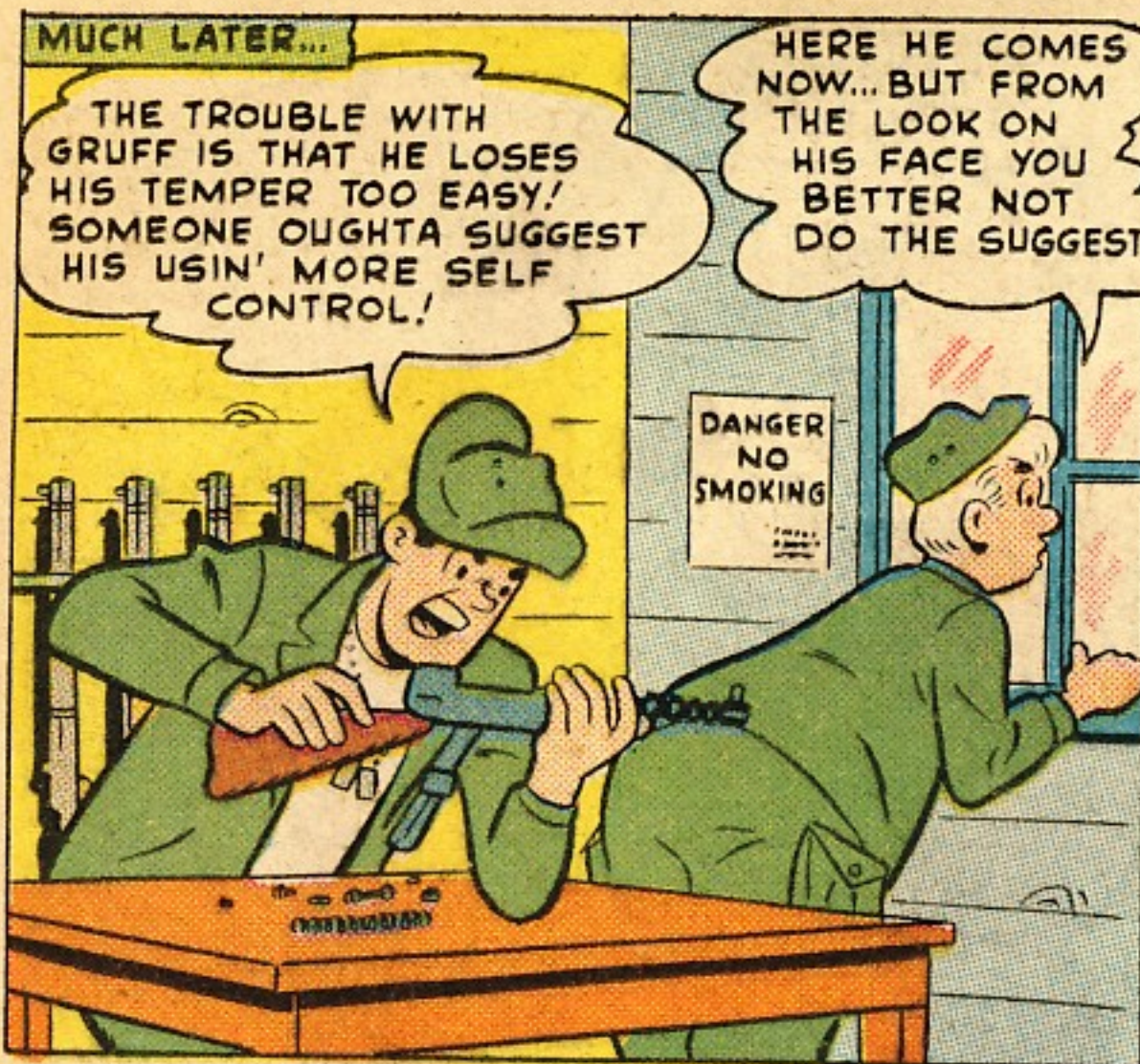
G-GROAN!

YES, SIR!







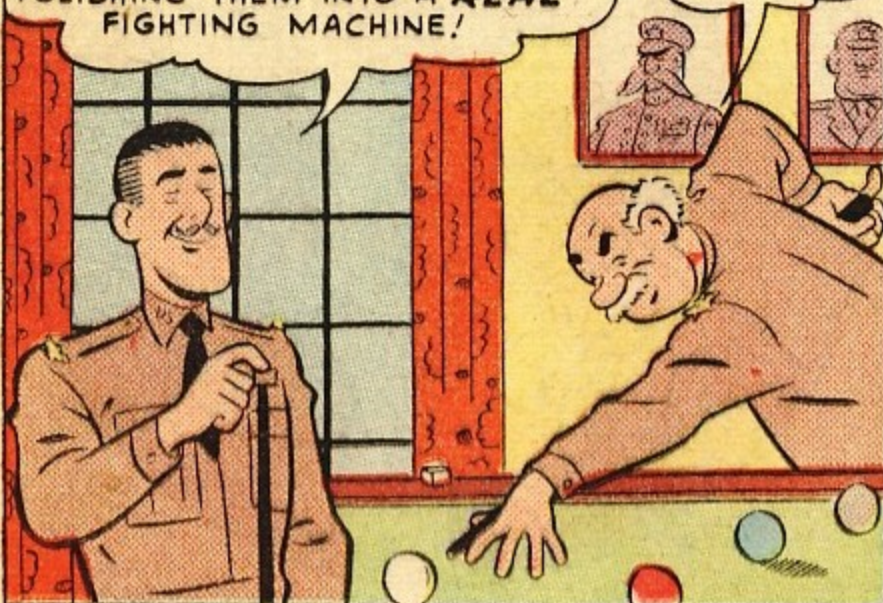




THAT NIGHT IN FORT DUNCAN'S OFFICER'S CLUB...

GOT A PRETTY GOOD BATCH OF MATERIAL IN COMPANY "D"! THERE'S ONE OR TWO ROUGH SPOTS, OF COURSE...BUT WE'RE RAPIDLY POLISHING THEM INTO A **REAL** FIGHTING MACHINE!

I'VE HEARD DIFFERENT, COLONEL!



**RIDICULOUS!** MY BOYS ARE KEEN, ALERT, WIDE AWAKE... AND I CAN PROVE IT!

HOW?



IT HAPPENS THAT I HAVE A GUARD DETAIL AT NORTH BEACH! NOW IF WE WERE TO ENTER THE AREA FROM A POINT OFF SHORE, INSTEAD OF LAND, IT WOULD BE A **REAL** TEST OF THEIR ALERTNESS!

YOU'RE ON, COLONEL! I'LL PROVIDE THE ROWBOAT!



AND ON THE POST AT NORTH BEACH...

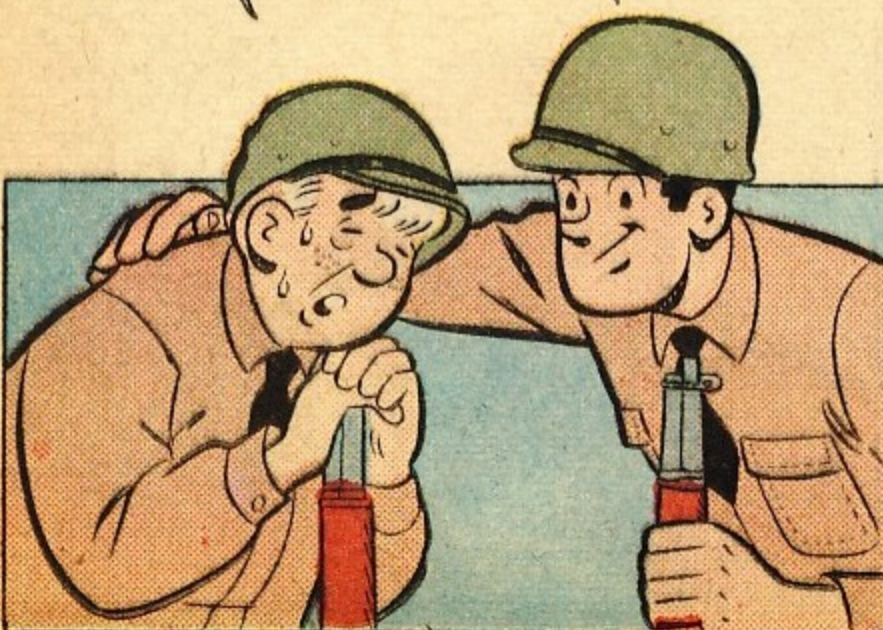
BOY, I'M POOPED, WINDY! I HAVE TO REST!

YA CAN'T SIT DOWN, WHITEY--NOT ON GUARD DUTY! THINK OF SOME THING ELSE!



SHUCKS, WINDY! I'M SO WORE OUT... I CAN'T THINK!

BOY, OH BOY, KID! YOU SURE NEED **ME** TO LOOK AFTER YA!



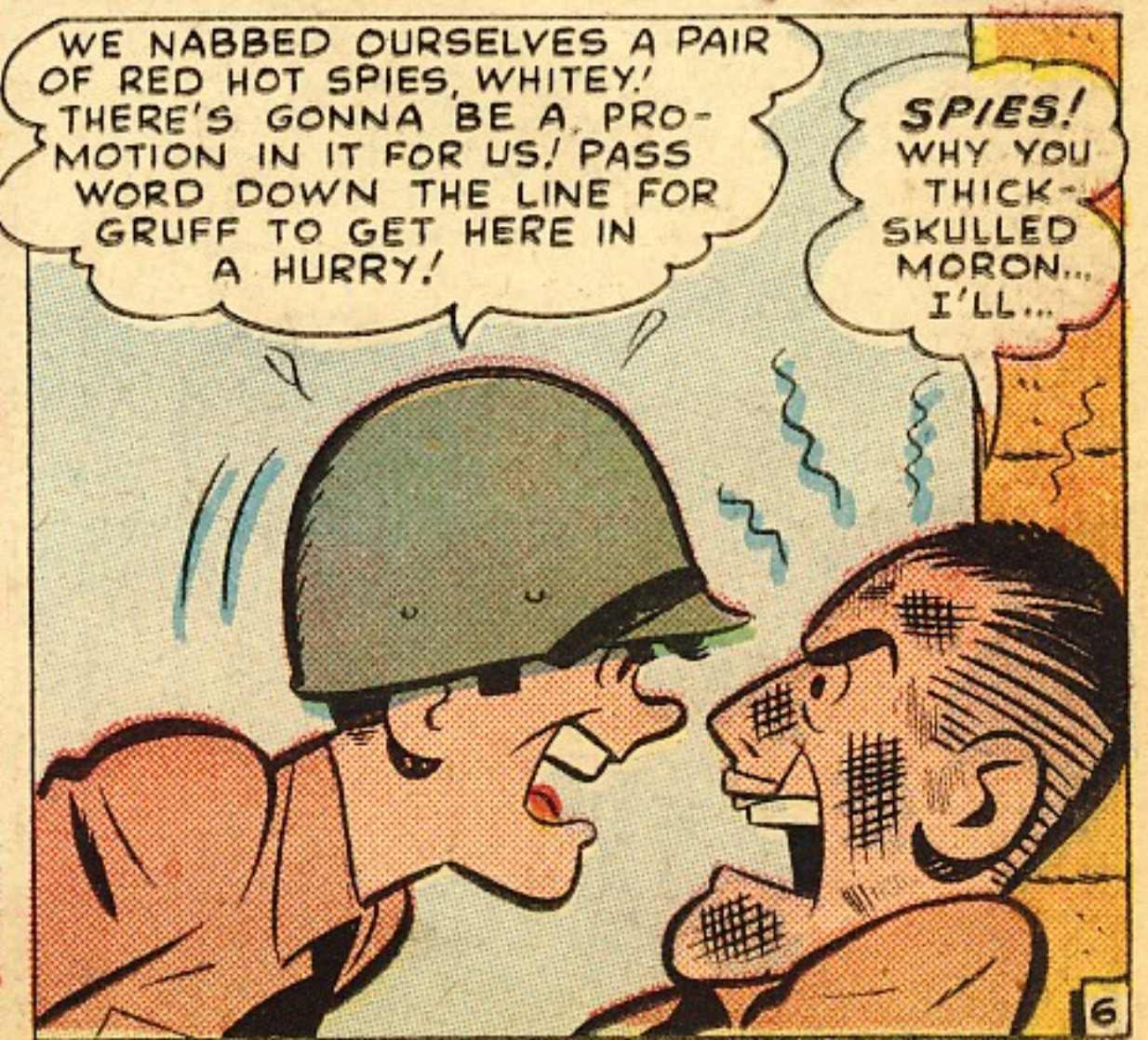
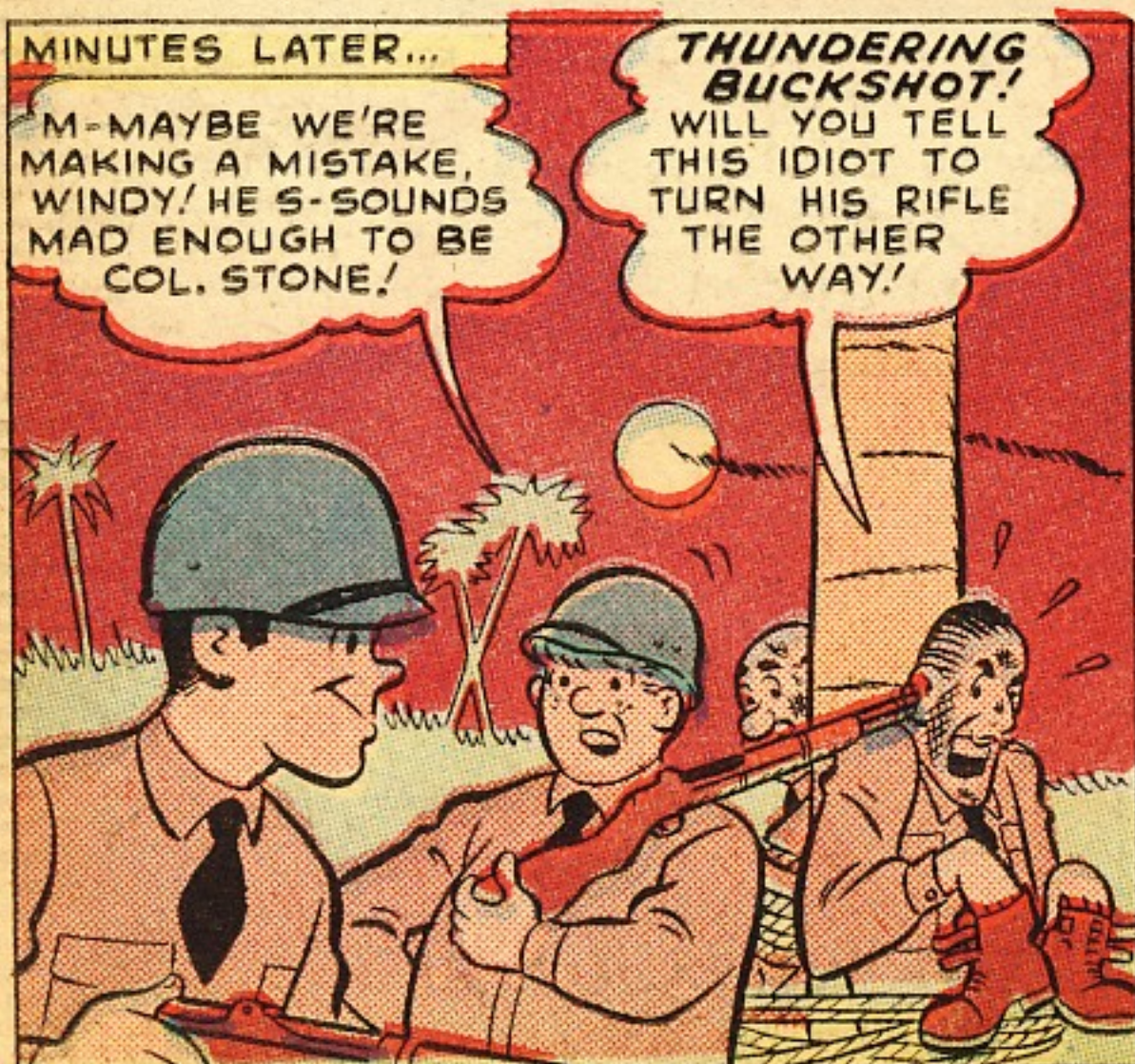
AT THAT MOMENT, NOT FAR FROM SHORE...

TAKING OFF OUR INSIGNIA AND BLACKENING OUR FACES, WAS A GOOD IDEA! MAKES THE TEST ALL THE MORE **REAL**!

**SHHH-HH!** WE'RE ALMOST THERE! WE'LL TAKE OFF OUR SHOES AND WADE IN **REAL** QUIET-LIKE!





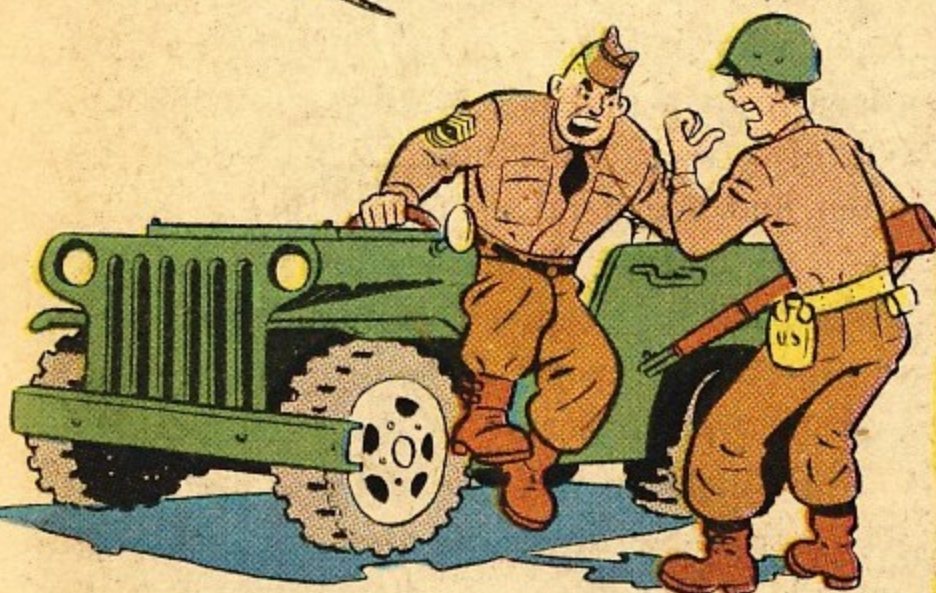




TWENTY MINUTES LATER...

WHAT'S THIS ABOUT SPIES?

THERE THEY ARE, SARGE! WE SURE DID IT RIGHT!



C-COLONEL STONE!

GRUFF! GET US OUT OF HERE! UNTIE US BEFORE I...



THIS IS THE LAST STRAW! YOU'RE GOING TO BE THE SORRIEST...

I--IT WAS A MISTAKE, SIR! WE D-DIDN'T KNOW...



ONE MINUTE, COLONEL! IT'S MY OPINION THESE MEN WERE ON THE BALL! AFTER ALL, WE DID ENTER IN A SUSPICIOUS MANNER, AND THEY HAD EVERY RIGHT TO DO AS THEY DID! THEY'RE TO BE CONGRATULATED!

WHA...? SAY, YOU HAVE A POINT THERE, COLONEL GRAYSON!



MEN, YOU'VE SHOWN EXCELLENT JUDGEMENT AND I'M PROUD OF YOU! WE'LL ALL RIDE BACK IN THE SERGEANT'S JEEP AND I'M GOING TO ISSUE EACH OF YOU A **THREE-DAY-PASS!**

THANK YOU, SIR!



NATURALLY, WE CAN'T LEAVE THIS POST UNATTENDED. YOU'LL CARRY ON, SERGEANT, UNTIL THE RELIEF GETS HERE AT DAWN!



DIDN'T I TELL YA WE'D BE IN SOLID, KID?

YA SURE DID, WINDY! YA SURE DID!



THE END



# THE FIGHTING GENERAL

"They've got to get us out of it! They can't just leave us here!"

The sergeant wiped his mouth with the back of a grimy hand, glanced at the nervous young private beside him, hunching low in the shallow foxhole torn out of the hard Korean earth. "Take it easy," grunted the sergeant. "The big guy won't leave us here."

It was July 9, 1950. The sergeant and the private were part of a detachment of the 24th Infantry Division, cut off north of Taejon. The "big guy" was Major General William Fiske Dean, commanding the 24th. For three days the detachment had fallen back slowly along the main highway into Taejon, but at last North Koreans, slipping down from the hills, had cut off their escape.

Suddenly a dungareed soldier, helmet pulled low, scrambled over the hard ground and slid into the foxhole. "Enemy armor, sarge," he grated. "Moving down along the road."

"Let's get out the old pick and shovel," said the sergeant, turning to his young partner, who picked up a pipe-like device long since famed among infantry soldiers as the immortal "bazooka." "How many charges we got left?"

The private fingered three slim, finned projectiles. "Only three! Not enough! They got to get us out . . ." His voice was rising to a scream as the sergeant cut him off.

"I was with the big guy in Germany. I know him. He'll get us out." Their heads jerked sharply around at a sudden rattle of rifle fire behind them. Below, just at the bend of the highway, half a dozen jeeps slithered to a stop, emitting a handful of soldiers who fired at the clump of trees off to the right. In the lead jeep a huge figure rose to full height, waved a long arm.

"Somebody broke through!" yelled the private. "They got the road clear!"

"It's the big guy himself," the sergeant replied as he hoisted the bazooka on his shoulder and lumbered out of the foxhole. "I told you he wouldn't forget about us!"

And it was the "big guy"—Major General Dean who had led a hastily organized rescue party to help pull one of his regimental units out of a trap. Unorthodox? Yes. You don't often find a general up on the firing line. By the very nature of his work he usually has to be back in a central command post, where the incoming reports of field officers can give him an overall picture of the situation.

But Bill Dean was one of those unique men who can move up where the going is toughest and still control the deployment of vast forces. Every general chafes at the desk to which he is chained by his job; but only a few, like Dean, can free themselves of those chains. In the tradition of Ethan Allen, and Pickett, and Custer, Bill Dean was a fighting general.

It took a fighter to carve out a successful career in the army without benefit of a formal military education. Bill Dean never went to West Point. Instead, Bill underwent reserve training at the University of California, took two years of law school, then went into the army in 1923.

When World War II broke out, Bill Dean, then a colonel, was shifted to an infantry post, where he proved to be a good administrator and tactician, well-liked by his men. He was still to see the combat that would test his spectacular qualities of leadership to the fullest.

As plans for the invasion of Europe got into shape Bill Dean won his first star as he moved up to brigadier general and took command of the 44th Infantry Division. Caught by the terrible thrust of the German "bulge" movement, the 44th at last ripped out, stormed to Alsace, the Saar, and across Germany into Austria. During this flame-fretted march there came a day that was to stamp General Dean with the indelible mark of greatness.

A unit of the 44th was pinned down by a German artillery battery zeroed in on a road junction. The fast-moving division was stalled



in its race against time and the Nazi army . . . until that battery could be eliminated. General Bill Dean scanned the situation from a rising knoll, then decided on his plan. A platoon would have to penetrate the heavy fire to wipe out the battery . . . there would be no point in risking anything more than a platoon.

Dean picked the platoon, but he still needed a leader. The "fighting general" hesitated only a moment. "I'll take it," he said quietly to the aide at his side. Stripping the tarnished stars from his shirt, he swiftly formed the platoon up and began the perilous advance through the murderous "88" fire. Keeping low, they worked around behind the battery, into the shelter of a low bridge. Then . . . with Bill Dean firing his .45 to give the signal . . . they struck, sweeping down on the panicky German artillerymen, who never dreamed that a general was leading this handful of Yankee daredevils into their midst. After a few minutes the word flashed over the "handie-talkie" to the waiting troops . . . "Battery silenced." It was Bill Dean himself who spoke.

Some time later, when the medals caught up with the combat men, General Bill Dean received the Distinguished Service Cross to wear with his Rifleman's Badge.

When the war ended the army decided to make use of some of the versatile Bill Dean's other talents, particularly his fine training in the law. Now a major general, he served for a year as military governor of Korea, training many of the South Korean units that were later to distinguish themselves on the battlefield. Then Dean moved to Japan and the command of the 24th Division, on occupation duty. When the Red hordes swarmed across the 38th parallel, Bill Dean was ready with his first-hand knowledge of the country and his matchless fighting heart. He led the 24th into what was to be one of the most courageous, most heartbreaking, holding actions in American military history.

Grudgingly the 24th gave the miles of bloody ground, through Seoul, back across the Han River, down to the approaches of Taejon. Then, after General Dean led the rescue detail to save his men from the closing trap on

July 9, he knew it was only a matter of time until Taejon itself would fall. But time was desperately important, and the men of the 24th would have to buy it with their lives.

A few days after the near encirclement north of the city, General Dean sat disconsolately on the steps of his command post in Taejon, watching tired soldiers trooping past on their way south. Suddenly he got up, began to walk determinedly in the opposite direction . . . the direction of the enemy. His aide, a South Korean colonel, hurried to his side.

"I want all you boys to get out of here," Dean said tersely. "I'm going up front for awhile." Half an hour later the men of a bazooka team, fighting a rear guard action on the outskirts of town were astonished as a huge figure shouldered in beside them. "Let me get the feel of that thing," said the general, reaching for the rocket gun. Then the tanks came thundering down the road into town.

Hours later a little band of officers was headed out through the flaming, smoke-glutted city. They saw the soot-blackened general still at his bazooka, waiting for more invaders. Ignoring their pleas to evacuate, Dean shouted exultantly, "I just got me a red tank!" Then the swirl and roar of battle swallowed him up. He was to be seen only once again . . . one day later, in the hills outside of town. "Are you coming south, General?" they asked him.

He shook his big head, white teeth smiling through the tan and dust of many days. "I'm going back in there," he replied, pointing to blazing Taejon. "Some of my boys may be in there." They waited for Bill Dean . . . but this time he didn't return. The official report was brief . . . "Missing—Major General William F. Dean . . ."

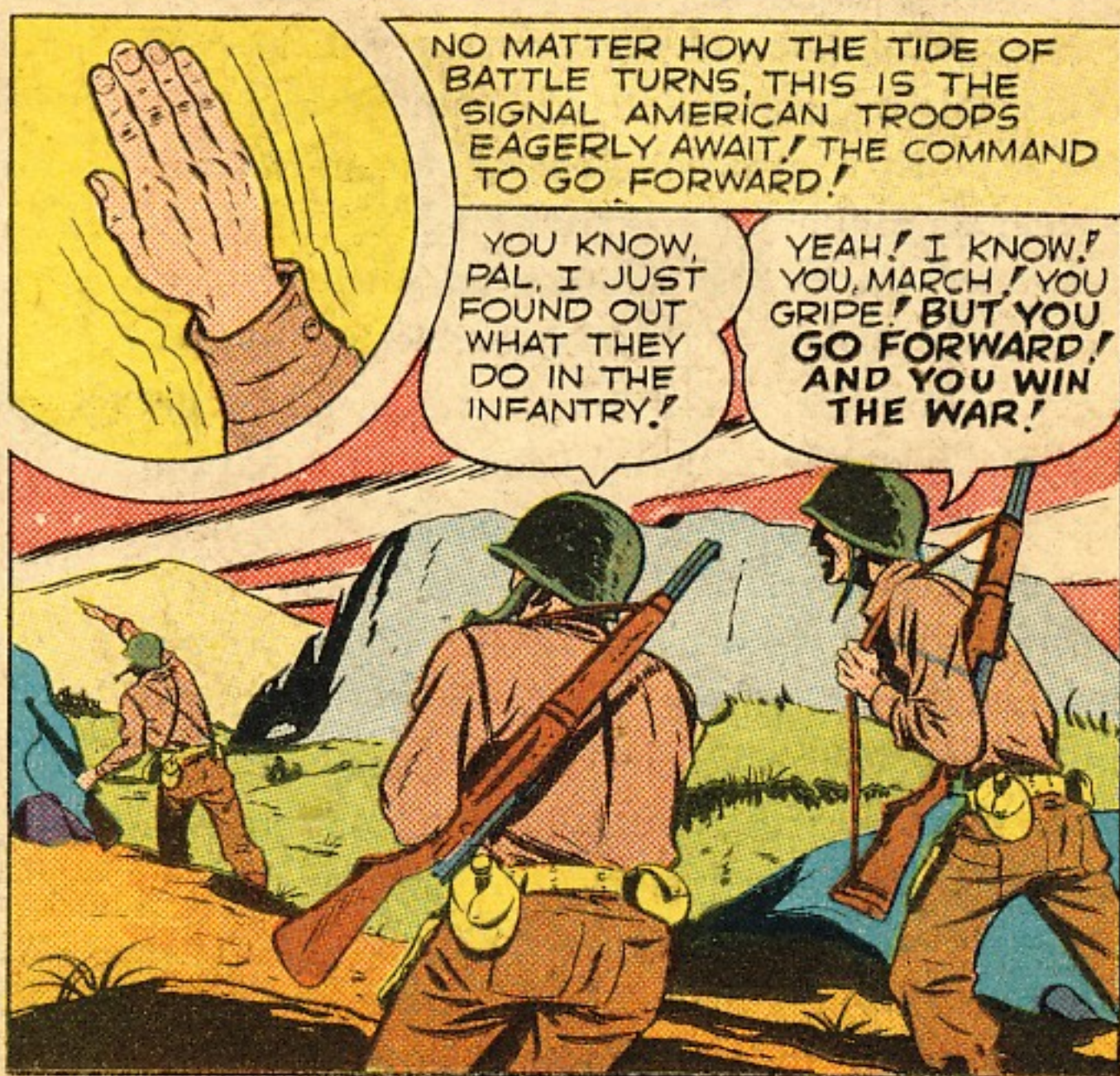
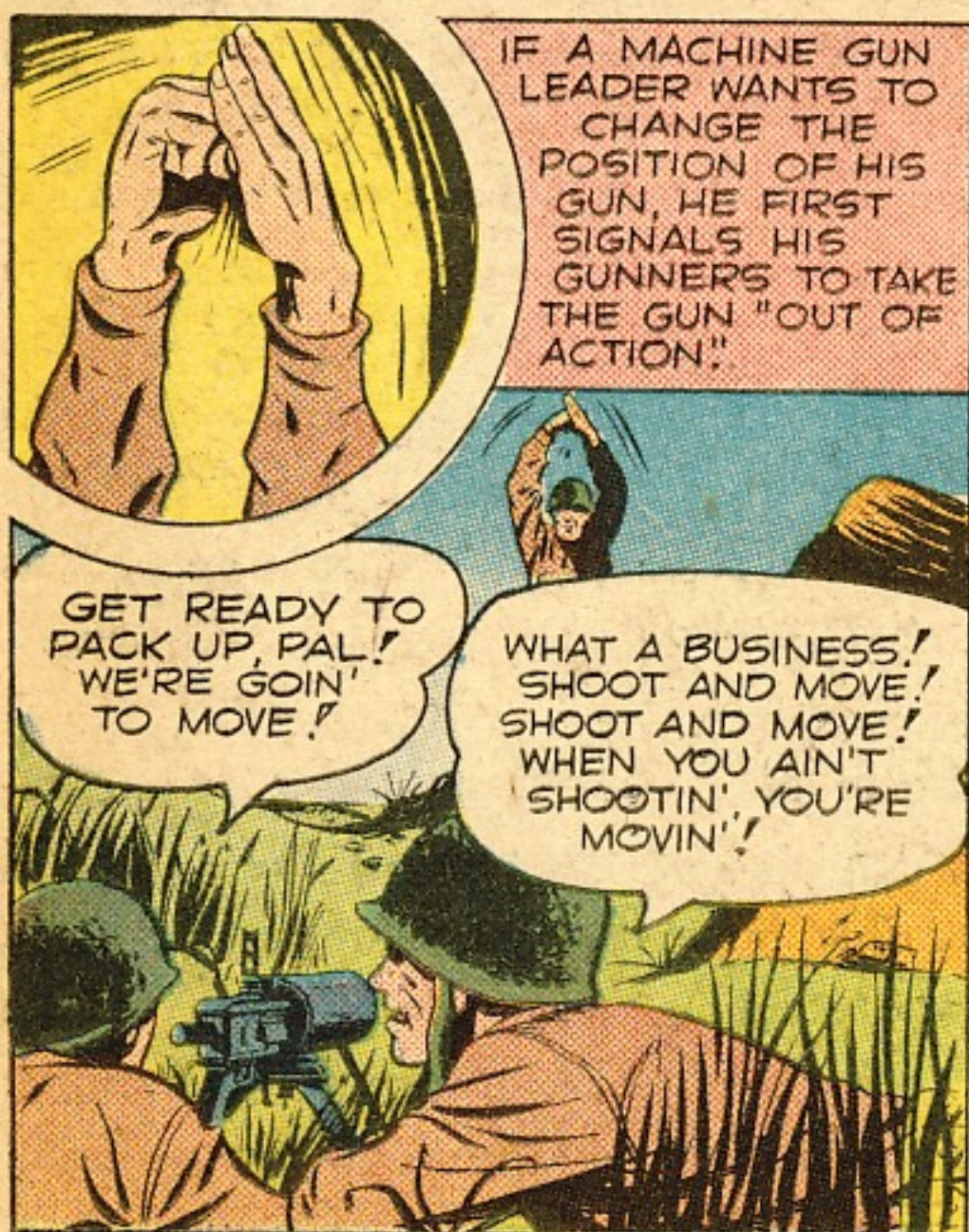
In almost every heartbreaking case the reports are final. But the men of the 24th still hope against hope that some day a big form will come striding over a hill, pistol at the ready and white teeth gleaming in a smile. They know it will be the "fighting general" returning to "his boys."

THE END

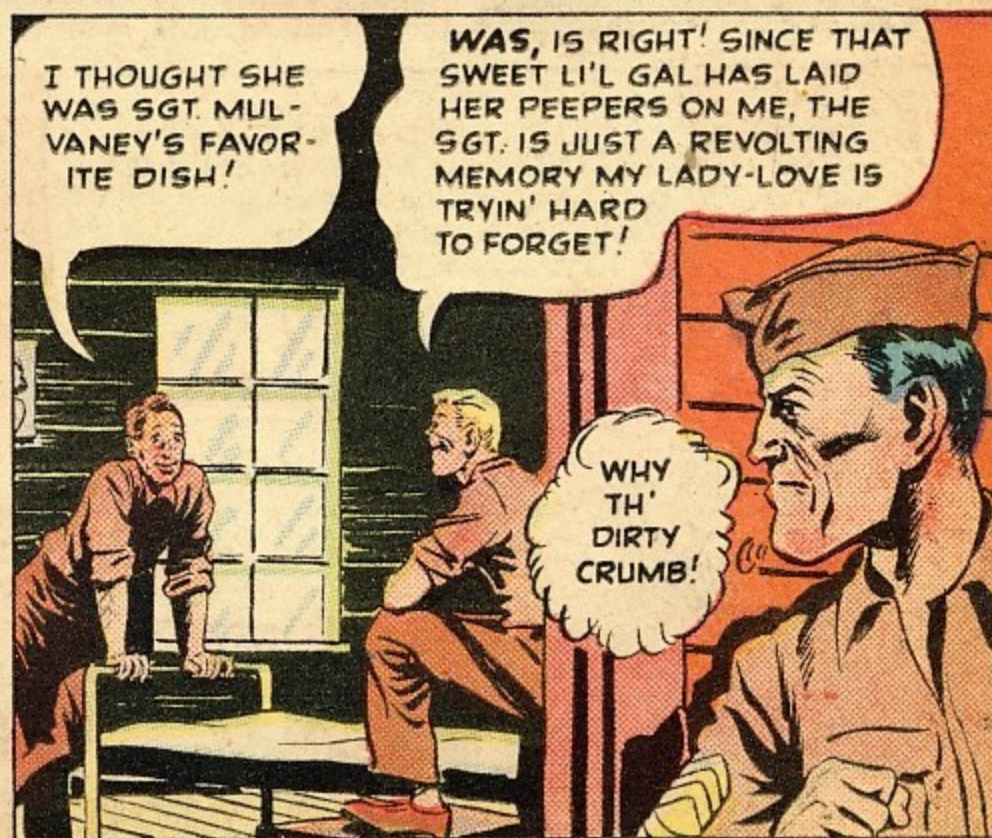


# HOW THE INFANTRY FIGHTS

## ARM AND HAND SIGNALS











YES, SGT. MULVANEY?  
WHAT IS IT?

BEGGIN'  
YER PARDON,  
COLONEL IRON-  
SIDES, BUT I  
HAVE A VERY  
IMPORTANT  
SUGGESTION  
TO OFFER!

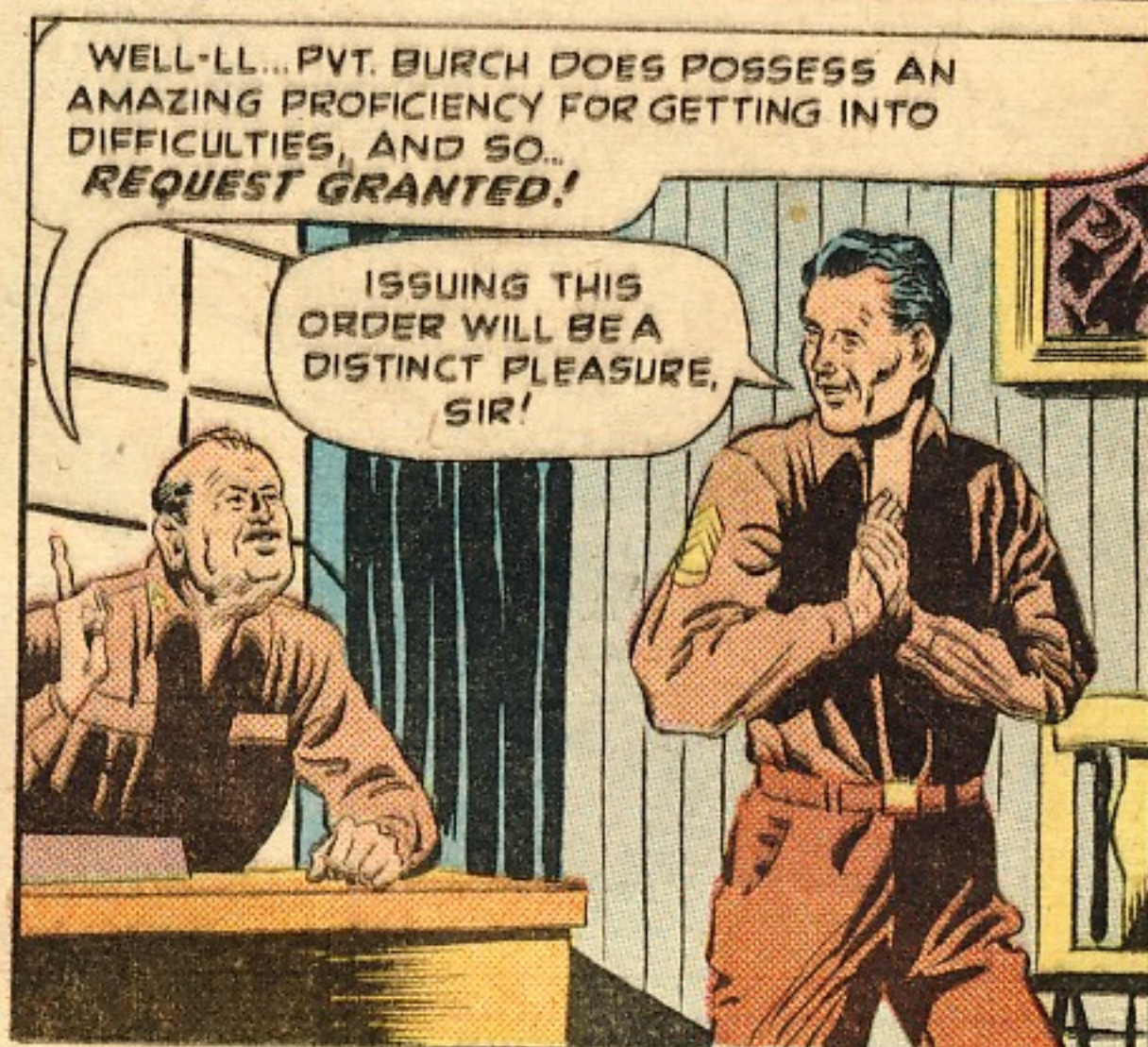


SOME LOW, ROUGH CHARACTERS HAVE  
BEEN ANNOYIN' THE NATIVES IN THE NEARBY  
VILLAGE OF RENSAN, SIR! MAY I RESPECT-  
FULLY SUGGEST THAT RENSAN BE PUT OFF-  
LIMITS FOR ANY DOUGHFOOT UNDER THE  
RANK OF P.F.C.?



YOU WOULDN'T BE SPECIFICALLY  
REFERRING TO A CERTAIN  
PRIVATE JOE BURCH, WOULD  
YOU, SGT. MULVANEY?

I AM REFERRING  
TO JUST THAT  
CERTAIN SLOB,  
SIR!



WELL-LL... PVT. BURCH DOES POSSESS AN  
AMAZING PROFICIENCY FOR GETTING INTO  
DIFFICULTIES, AND SO...  
**REQUEST GRANTED!**

ISSUING THIS  
ORDER WILL BE A  
DISTINCT PLEASURE,  
SIR!



WELL, SO LONG, SGT. MUL-  
VANEY! I'LL MISS YOUR UGLY  
PUSS WHILE GAZIN' SOUL-  
FULLY INTO TH' SOULFUL  
EYES O' SEOUL CITY  
LOU!

POST THIS  
NOTICE, PRIVATE!  
THAT'S AN ORDER!



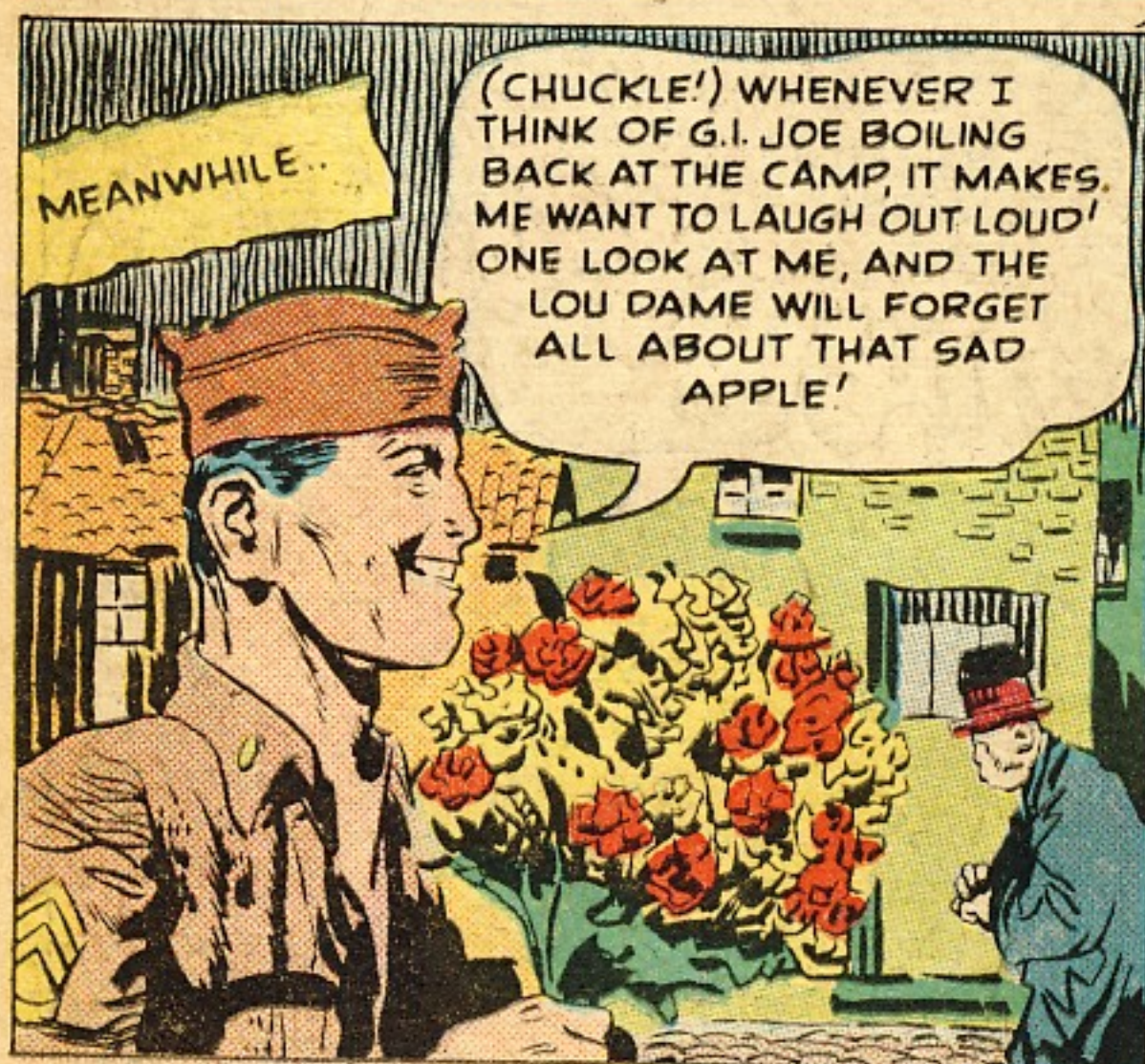
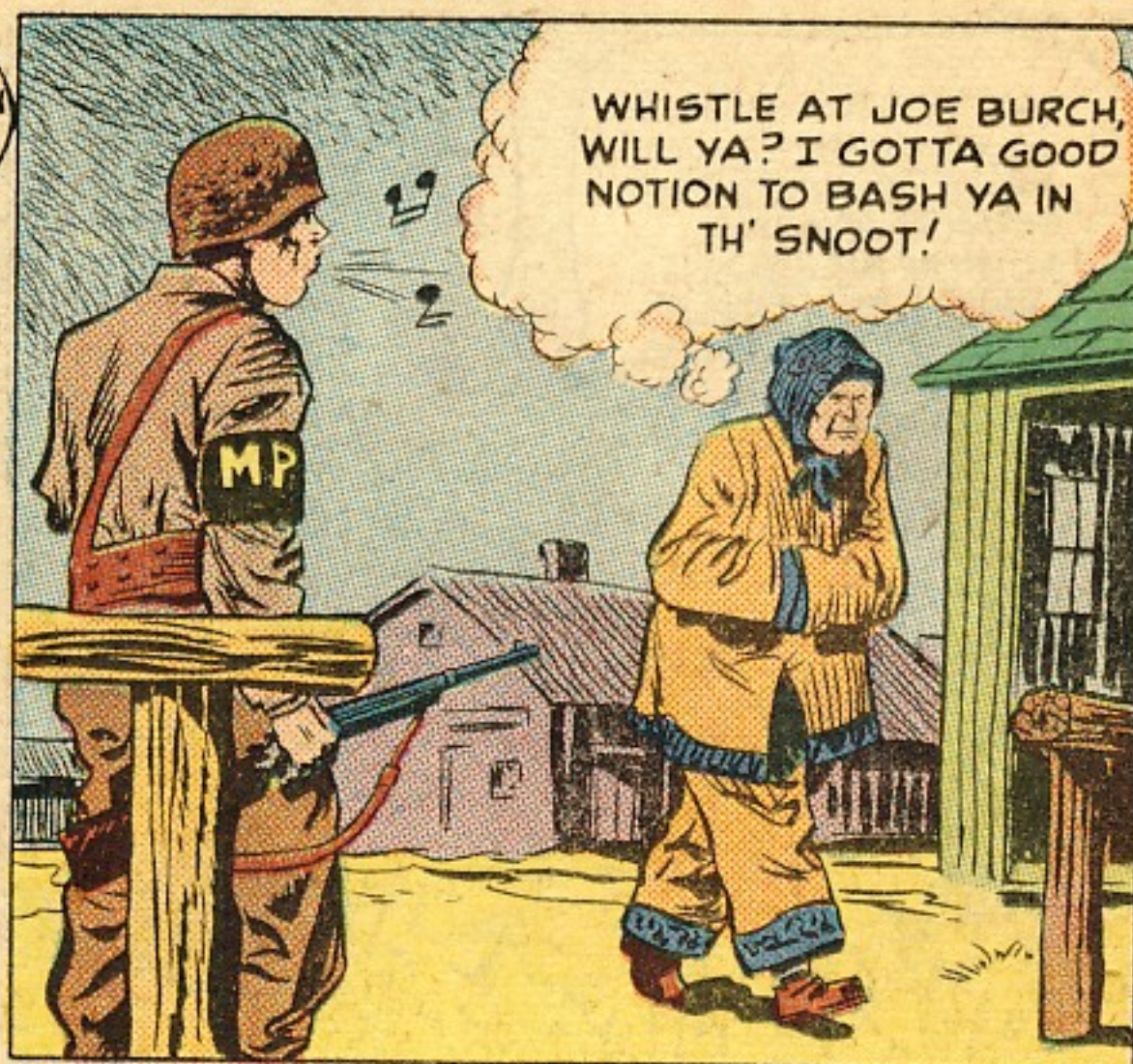
**YIPE!-- I BEEN  
SABOTAGED!**

NOTICE  
PVT. JOE BURCH  
IS **NOT** TO  
ENTER RENSAN  
ON PENALTY OF  
BEING DEMOTED.  
BY ORDER OF THE  
COMMANDING OFFICER  
COLONEL IRONSIDES  
PS IF NECESSARY WE'LL  
INVENT A RANK LOWER  
THAN PRIVATE























# G.I. Joe

IN THE MIST OF BATTLE, PRIVATE JOE BURCH AND SERGEANT MULVANEY CARRY ON THEIR OWN PARTICULAR BRAND OF PERSONAL WAR! BUT THESE TWO FRIENDLY ENEMIES FIND THEMSELVES OUTRANKED WHEN THEY TRY TO —  
**"MAKE WAY FOR THE PRESS!"**

WE GOT IT, SARGE! LOOK AT THE RUSSKY TANK GETTIN' SMASHED UP! BOY, DO I FEEL GOOD!

YOU'LL FEEL PRETTY DEAD IF YOU DON'T TAKE COVER! THEM GUYS AIN'T THROWIN' SPITBALLS!

WE FIND JOE AT A REGIMENTAL HEADQUARTERS JUST BEHIND THE LINES IN KOREA, INDULGING IN SOME TYPICAL G.I. GRIPING!

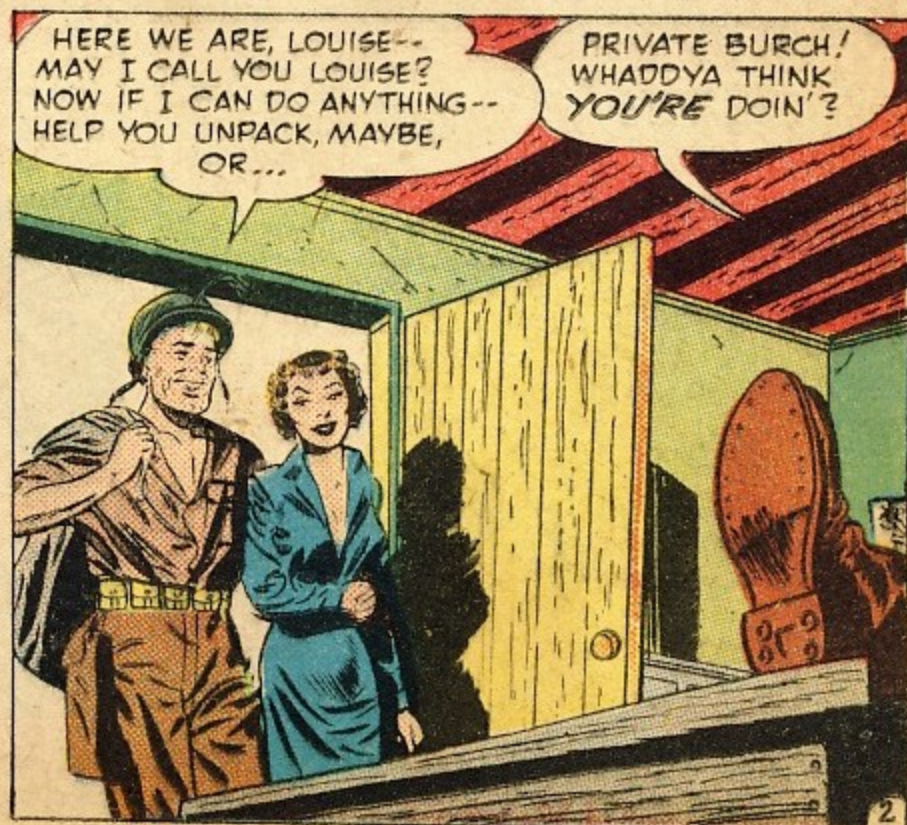
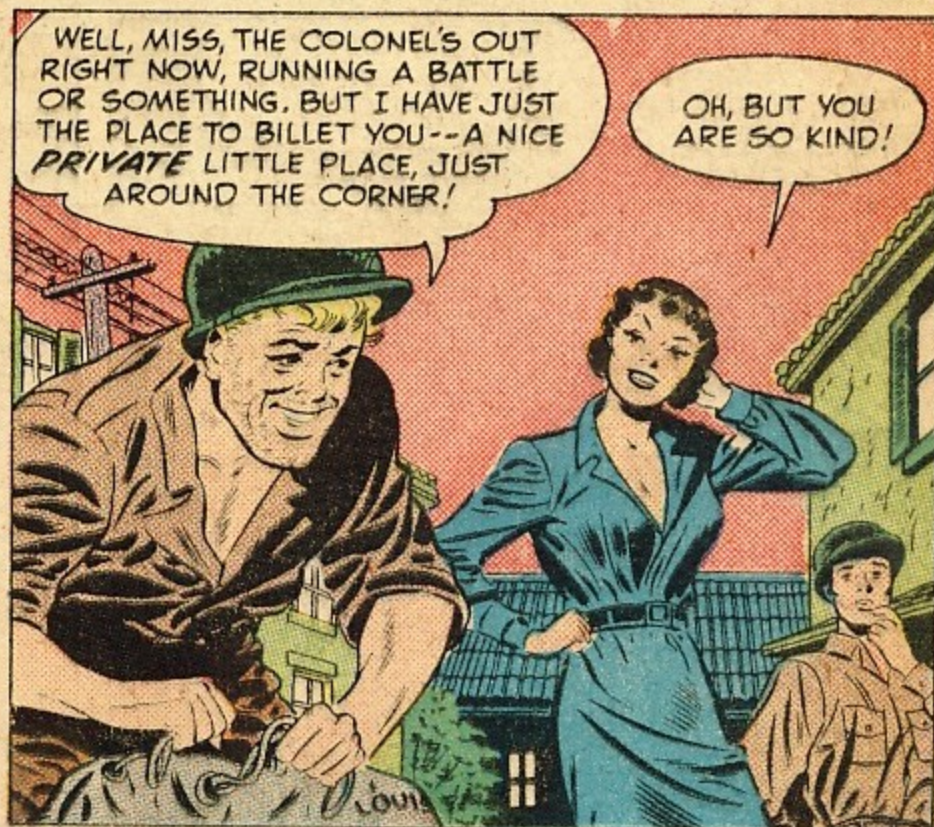
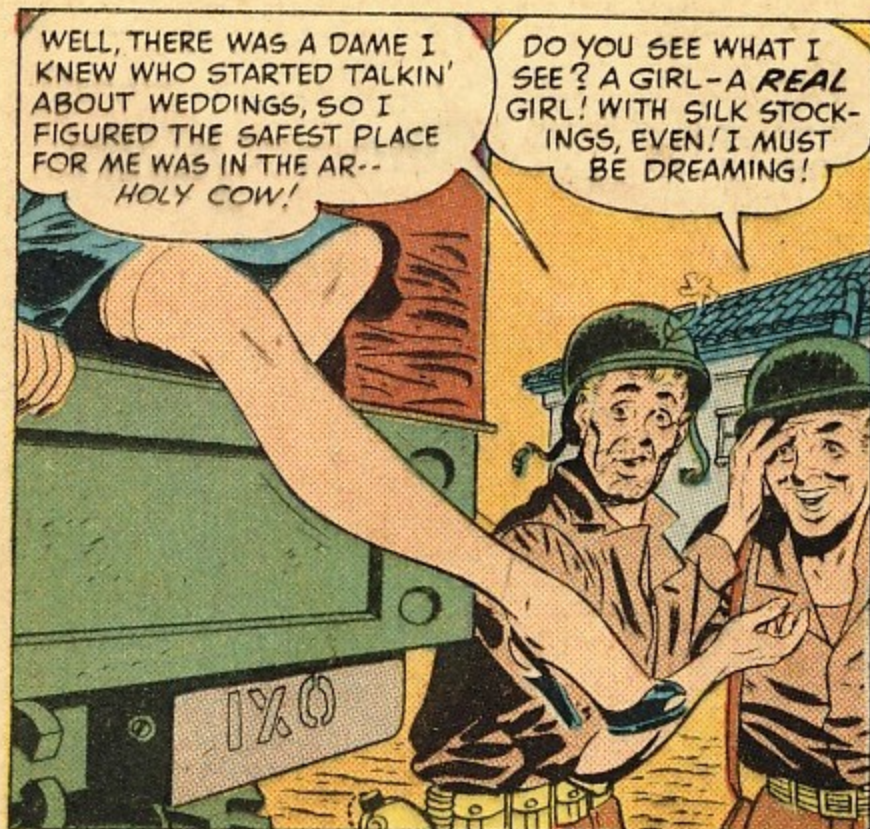
I'M TELLIN' YA, THIS ARMY BEATS ME! LOOK AT ME—TWO WEEKS AGO I WAS A PFC, NOW I'M A PVT. AGAIN!

G'WAN, YOU'RE A THIRTY-YEAR MAN AND YOU KNOW IT! YOU'VE FOUND A HOME IN THE ARMY, KID. ANYWAY, IT'S YOUR OWN FAULT IF YOU ALWAYS GET YOURSELF INTO TROUBLE!

FOURTEEN TIMES I BEEN A PFC. AND FOURTEEN TIMES I BEEN BUSTED! THERE'S A SHARP RECORD FOR YA!

SO WHY DID YOU SIGN UP FOR ANOTHER HITCH AFTER BEIN' OUT TWO YEARS?









WELL, IF IT AIN'T SERGEANT MULVANEY! HOW COME YOU AIN'T OUT WINNIN' THE WAR, PAL?

NONE OF YOUR LIP, BURCH! I GOT A JOB FOR YOU. GO POLICE UP IN FRONT OF HEADQUARTERS -- AND GET EVERY LAST CIGARETTE BUTT! THAT'S AN ORDER!!



POLICE UP THIS JOINT? WHY, YOU DOUBLE-CROSSING APE! PULLING YOUR RANK JUST TO STEAL A DAME FROM A GUY!

MEANWHILE, I'LL TAKE CARE OF THE YOUNG LADY!



FOR TWO CENTS I'D-- IF YA'D TAKE OFF THEM STRIPES, I'D--!

OH, YEAH? YOU AND HOW MANY MARINES!

SERGEANT MULVANEY!



YESSIR, COLONEL! YOU WANTED ME?

THERE'S AN ENEMY PATROL HEADED BY A TANK THAT'S BROKE THROUGH THE LINES! I NEED TWO MEN TO SPOT IT FOR THE AIR CORPS! I WANT TWO VOLUNTEERS-- AND YOU'RE ONE OF THEM! PICK ANYBODY ELSE YOU WANT AND GET GOING!



AND SO, HALF AN HOUR LATER...

TWO VOLUNTEERS, AND YOU'RE ONE OF THEM, HE SAYS!

YEAH, AN' YOU HADDA DRAG ME ALONG JUST TO KEEP ME AWAY FROM THAT HUNK OF FRENCH PASTRY-- HEY! THERE'S THE TANK!



HEY, SARGE, I HAVE AN IDEA! IF WE COULD ROLL SOME OF THESE BOULDERS DOWN AND START A LANDSLIDE, WE COULD GET RIDDA THAT TANK WITHOUT WAITIN' ALL DAY FOR THE FLY-BOYS TO--!

A LANDSLIDE! ARE YOU NUTS? WE GOTTA RADIO BACK THE POSITION, THAT'S ALL!









A MOMENT LATER, A HELMET POPS INTO VIEW AND A GRENADE SAILS OUT OF SERGEANT MULVANEY'S SHELLHOLE. AN ANSWERING BURST OF ENEMY FIRE SCORES A DIRECT HIT ON THE HELMET!

A SECOND HELMET SHOWS, AND AN ENEMY GRENADE BLOWS IT INTO PIECES!







IT WORKED, JOE!  
LAY IT ON 'EM, KID!

IT'S ALL OVER, SARGE!  
THERE GOES THE  
LAST OF THEM!

**H**ALF AN HOUR LATER, THE TWO APPROACH THE  
LITTLE KOREAN TOWN...

BOY, DID WE SPRING THE  
TRAP ON THEM STUPES!  
THAT WAS NICE WORK,  
SARGE! AN' THAT TANK—  
I TOLDJA MY IDEA  
WOULD WORK!

YEAH, SURE! SAY,  
JOE-- YA THINK YOU  
COULD MAKE IT BACK  
TO TOWN ALONE NOW,  
IF BY ANY CHANCE YOU  
HAD TO?



WHY, SURE, I GUESS I--  
HEY! WHAT ARE YOU  
GETTIN' AT ANYWAY?

NOTHIN', JOE. EXCEPT THAT  
I GOT TWO HEALTHY FEET--  
AN' THEY'RE GONNA CARRY  
ME STRAIGHT TO THAT LITTLE  
FRENCH DOLL AS SOON AS  
I CAN MAKE IT!



WHY, YOU--! TAKIN'  
ADVANTAGE OF A  
CRIPPLE, YET! I  
SAW THAT DAME  
FIRST!

SO LONG, MASTER MIND!  
GO TELL THE COLONEL ALL  
ABOUT HOW WE HERDES  
DID IT!

SERGEANT!  
YOU TWO,  
THERE!



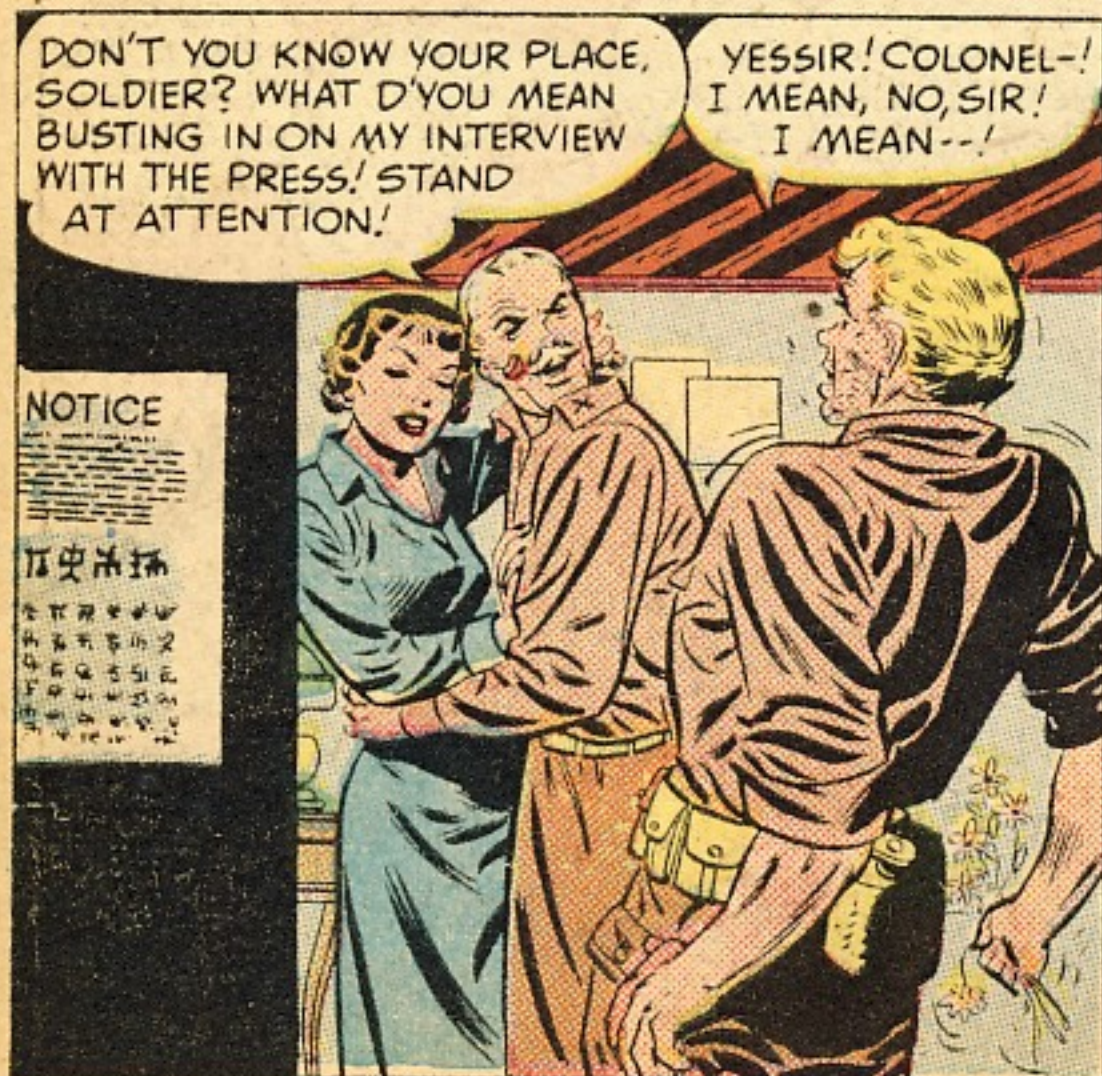
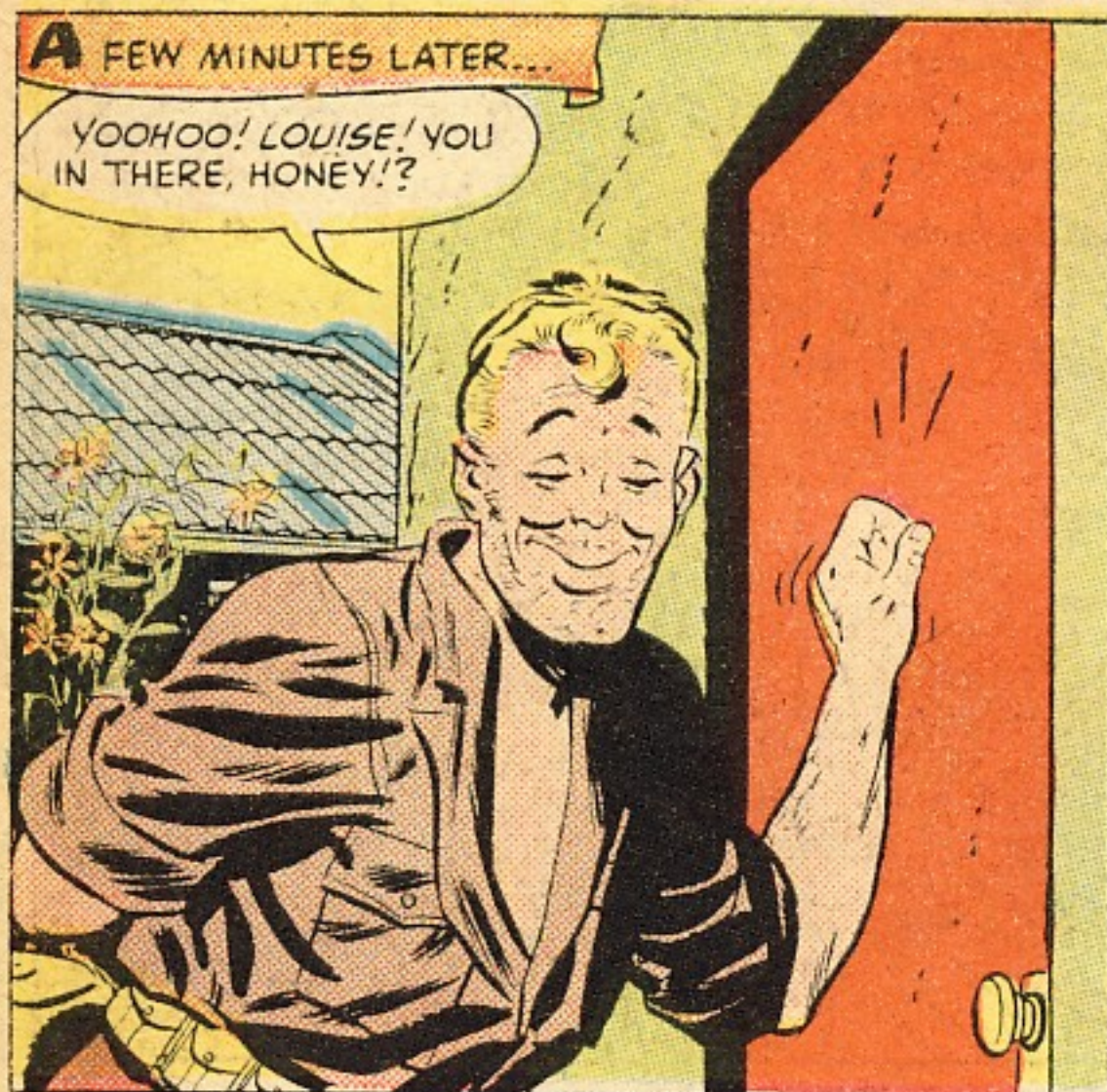
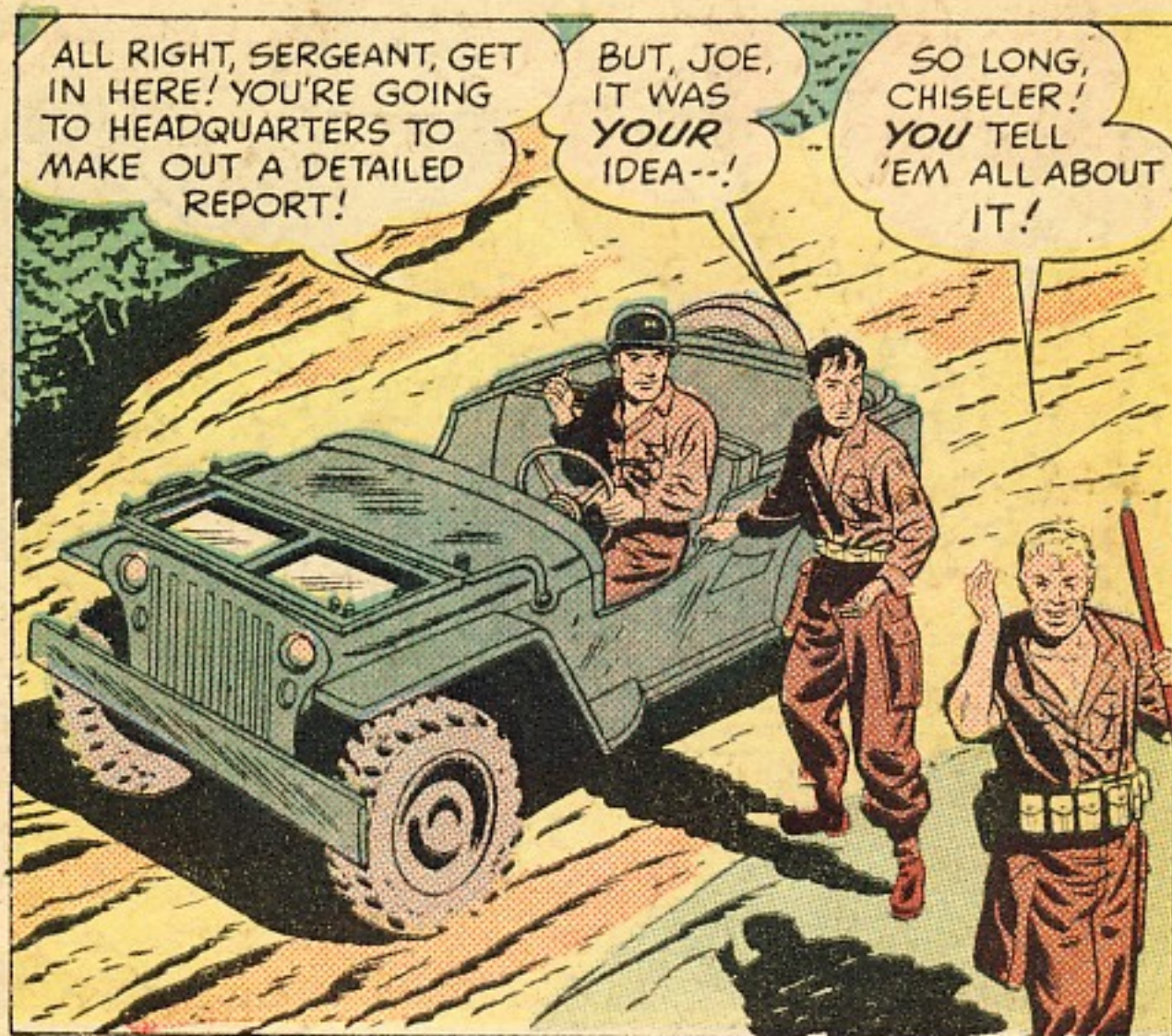
WHO'S RESPONSIBLE  
FOR KNOCKING OUT  
THAT ENEMY TANK?  
DID ONE OF YOU  
MEN THINK UP  
THAT STUNT?

WELL, SIR-- I  
GUESS I--

YOU SEE,  
SIR, IT WAS  
LIKE THIS,  
CAPTAIN--










# G.I. Joe

## "BEAUTY ON THE BATTLEFRONT"



OKAY, YA BLASTED  
REDS! THIS'LL CLEAR  
UP YOUR HEADACHE!

EVEN WAR HAS ITS PLEASANT  
MOMENTS, ESPECIALLY WHEN  
A BEAUTIFUL NURSE IS INVOLVED...  
BUT THE ANTICS OF G.I. JOE, AND  
HIS NEMESIS SGT. MULVANEY,  
NEVER LET UP EVEN WHEN THEY  
FIND A "BEAUTY ON THE BATTLE-  
FRONT"!

SERGEANT MULVANEY, DETAILED TO GUARD A  
LONELY KOREAN ROAD, HAS PICKED JOE TO  
KEEP HIM COMPANY...

I BEEN WONDERIN', SARGE!  
WHenever YA GET ONE OF  
THESE CHICKEN DETAILS,  
WHY DO YA ALWAYS DRAG  
ME ALONG?

IT'S YOUR FACE,  
JOE! IT'S SO  
COMICAL IT  
TAKES MY MIND  
OFF THINGS!  
SHUT UP AND  
WATCH THE  
ROAD!

THEM FLY-BOYS UP THERE...  
THAT'S THE LIFE! DROP AN  
EGG OR TWO, AN' HOME  
FOR LUNCH! AN' EVERY  
PILOT'S A COLONEL, OR  
AT LEAST A MAJ...

HEY, JOE, LOOK!  
A MOTORCYCLE  
WITH A SIDECAR...  
AND IF I AIN'T  
GOIN' BLIND,  
THERE'S A  
NURSE IN IT!





IT'S A NURSE, AWRIGHT!  
MUST BE COMIN' UP TO  
THAT HOSPITAL IN THE  
NEXT TOWN...HEY! WHAT  
THE...?

SNIPERS! THEY MUSTA  
BEEN IN THAT BLASTED  
FIELD ALL THIS TIME...  
AND US SITTIN' HERE!



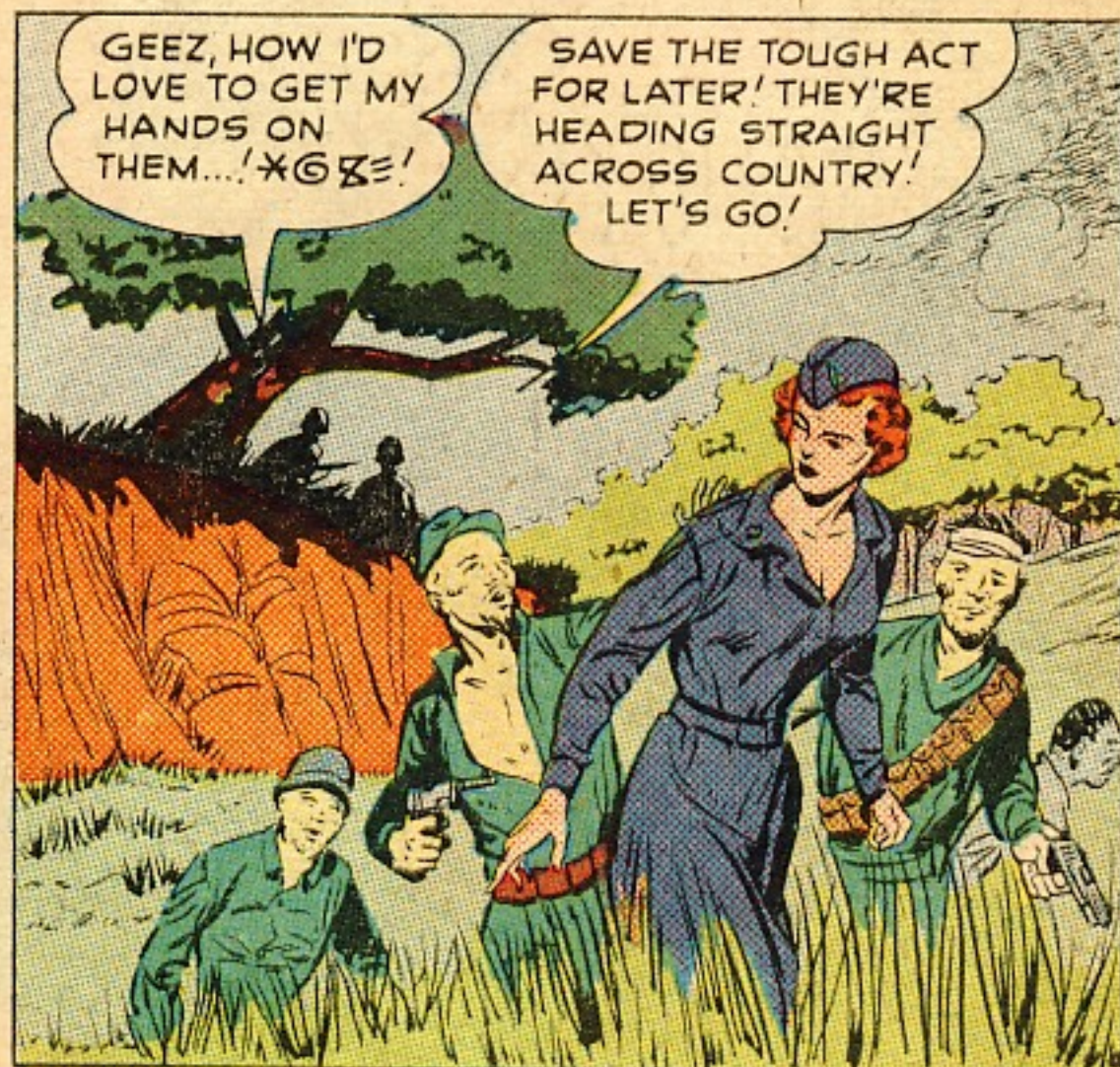
SNEAKIN' DEVILS!  
THAT DRIVER NEVER  
HAD A CHANCE!

HOLD IT! YA  
MIGHT HIT THE  
GIRL!



THEM DIRTY CRUMBS,  
STEALIN' HER PURSE, AND  
ALL! LOOKS LIKE THEY'RE  
GONNA TAKE HER  
PRISONER! WE OUGHTA  
GO DOWN AN'...

WE ONLY HAVE ONE CHANCE!  
IF THEY TAKE HER ALONG,  
WE'LL FOLLOW 'EM AND  
SEE WHAT WE CAN DOPE  
OUT! POOR KID NEVER HAD  
A CHANCE TO GET INTO  
FATIGUES!



GEEZ, HOW I'D  
LOVE TO GET MY  
HANDS ON  
THEM...! \*GZ!

SAVE THE TOUGH ACT  
FOR LATER! THEY'RE  
HEADING STRAIGHT  
ACROSS COUNTRY!  
LET'S GO!



AND SO, FOR OVER TWO HOURS...

WHAT A COUNTRY!  
MUCK AND MUD, FLIES  
AND HEAT! WHAT DO  
THEM COMMIES WANT  
IT SO BAD FOR, ANYWAY?

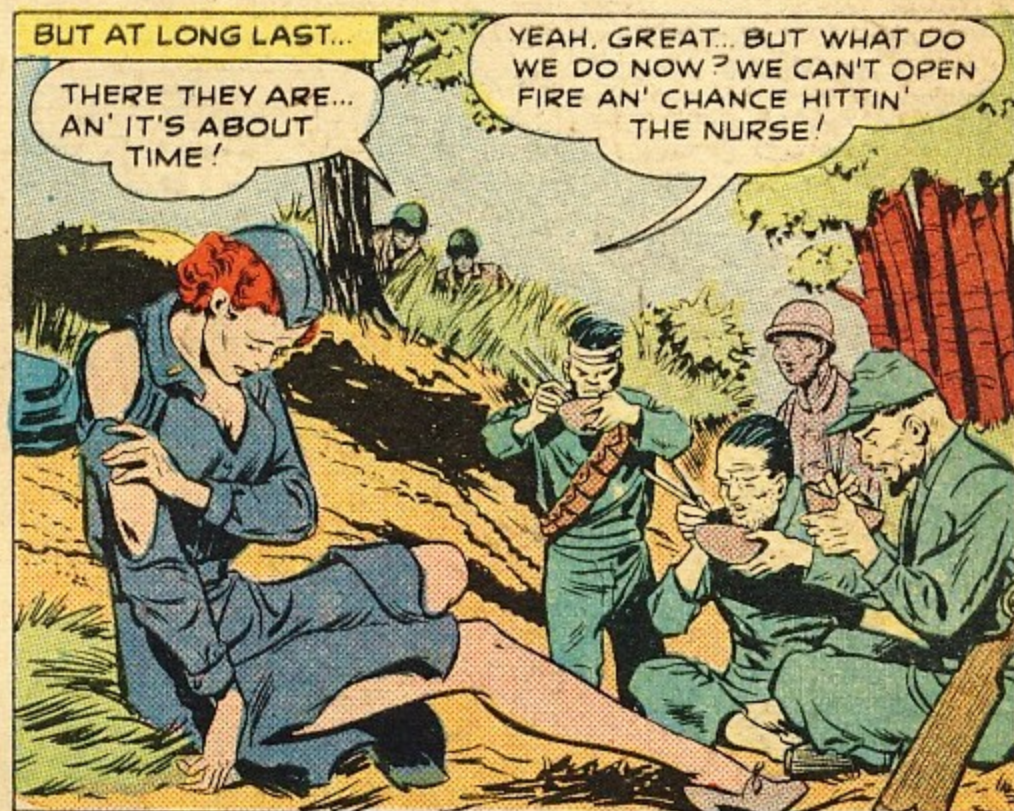
MAKES IT EASY  
TRAILIN' 'EM, AT  
LEAST!



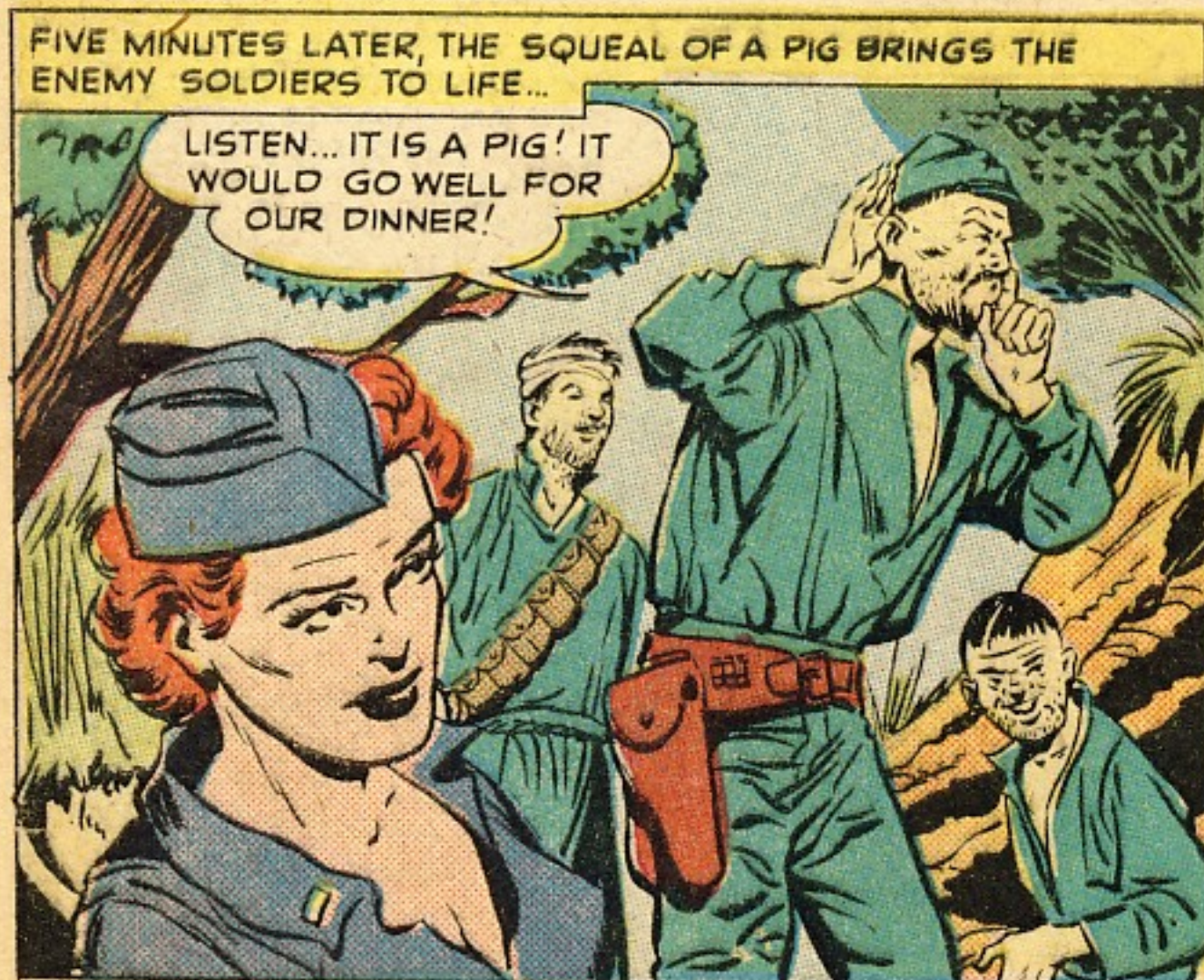
OOOOF! WHEWW...  
THIS STUFF SMELLS!

YOU'RE A REGULAR INJUN  
IN THE WOODS, AIN'T YA?  
COME ON, BIG CHIEF MUD-  
IN-THE-FACE... ON YOUR  
WAY!











ANOTHER GUERILLA GOES OUT OF ACTION!



BUT FINALLY.

OH-OH, THEY'RE GETTIN WISE ' TWO OF 'EM THIS TIME ' ABOUT RIPE FOR THE SARGE TO GO INTO HIS ACT!



PEEKA-BOO, YOU DOPES!



YA ' MISSED '!



BUT I DIDN'T! LET 'EM HAVE IT, SARGE!



THEY'RE SITTING DUCKS, JOE! HOW'D YA LIKE THIS!

WHOOPEE! GIVE IT TO THEM, SERGEANT!



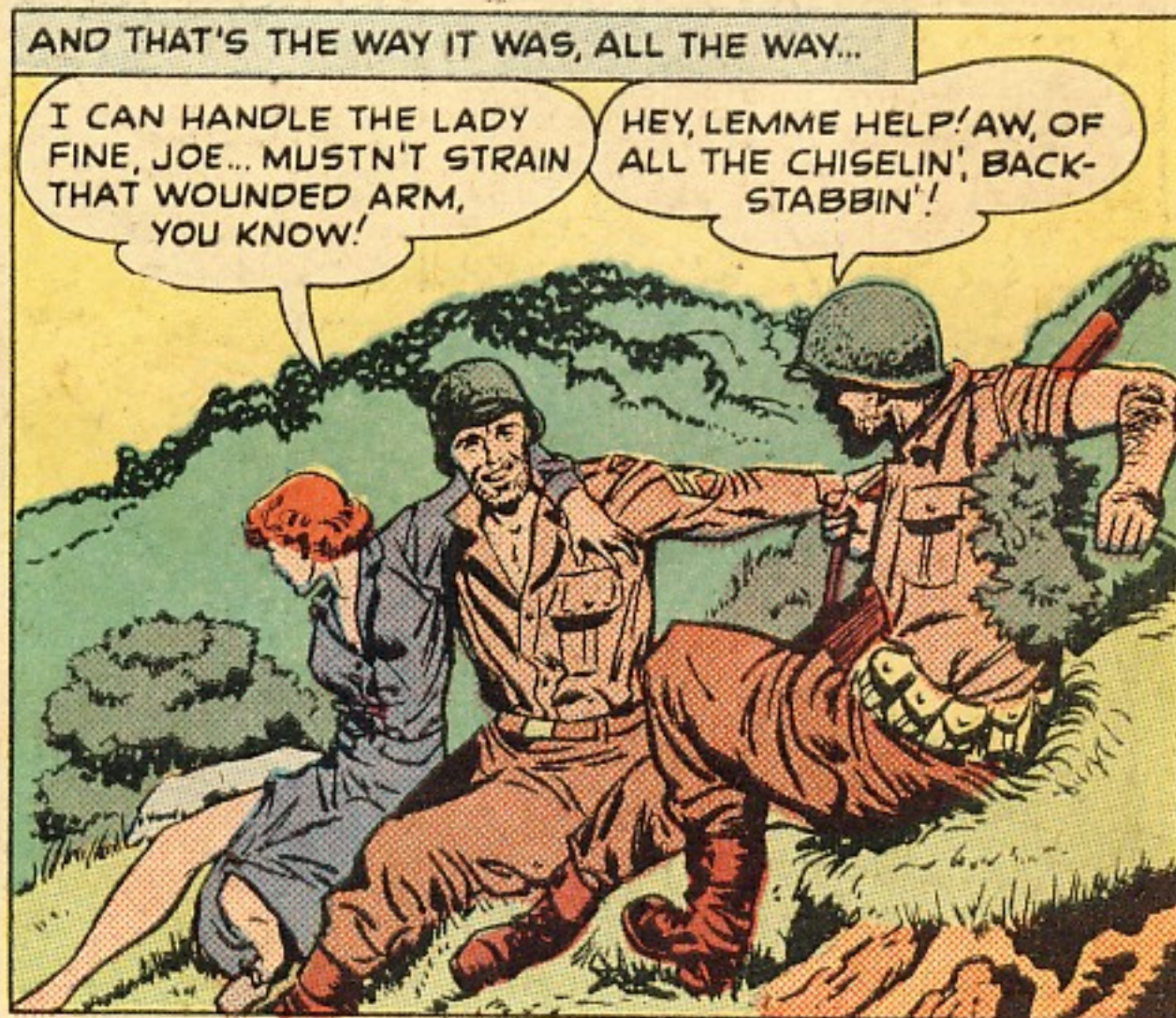
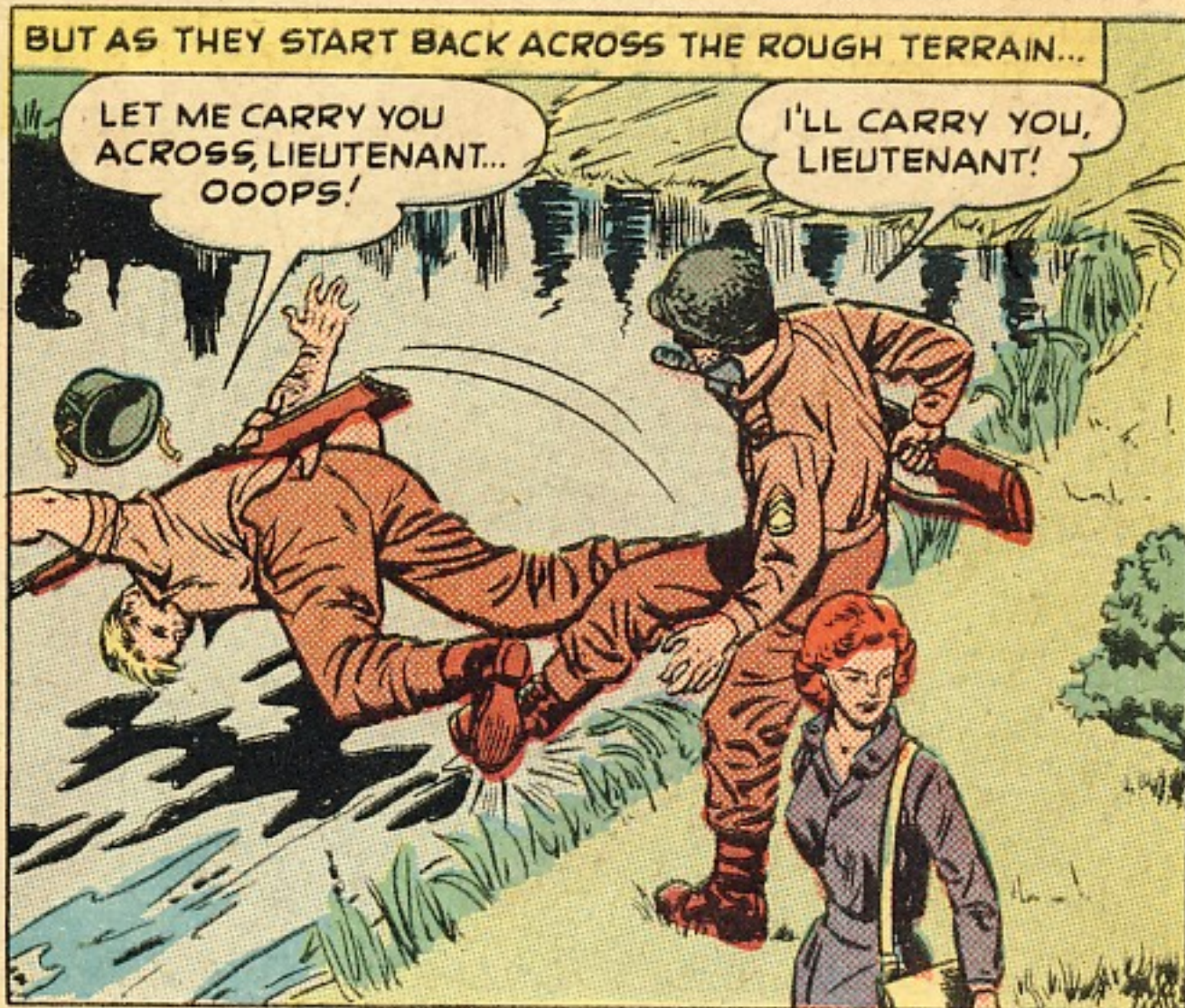
AM I GLAD TO SEE YOU!

JOE! YOU'RE HIT!

IT'S NOTHIN'.. JUST A LITTLE BAYONET SCRATCH! SAY, LIEUTENANT, I GUESS THIS IS YOURS!













# HOW THE INFANTRY FIGHTS SCOUTING

**T**HE INFANTRY MUST LEARN MANY TRICKS... AND IN THE HARD BUSINESS OF WAR, SCOUTING IS IMPORTANT, FOR WITHOUT INFORMATION OF THE ENEMY'S MOVEMENTS, THE ARMY IS BLIND.... SCOUTS ARE THE EYES OF THE INFANTRY. HERE ARE A FEW SCOUTING TACTICS...

ALERT KEEN, THE SCOUT MOVES FORWARD AGGRESSIVELY, CAUTIOUSLY... HE MUST SEE EVERYTHING, MISS NOTHING, FOR THE SECURITY OF HIS COMRADES, WHO FOLLOW, RESTS ON HIM...



**T**HE SCOUT MUST TAKE ADVANTAGE OF ALL TYPES OF COVER...



I CAN GET A GOOD LOOK AT 'EM FROM HERE, AN' THEY CAN'T SEE ME!

WHEN A LONE SCOUT PREPARES FOR A MISSION, HE IS BRIEFED COMPLETELY, BY A NON-COM OR COMMISSIONED OFFICER...

YOU WILL REPORT ALL MOVEMENT ALONG THE TAEGU ROAD... REPORT HERE AT 0600.

YESSIR!



**A**ND HE WILL ALLOW NOTHING TO STOP HIM FROM COMPLETING HIS ASSIGNMENT TO THE LETTER...



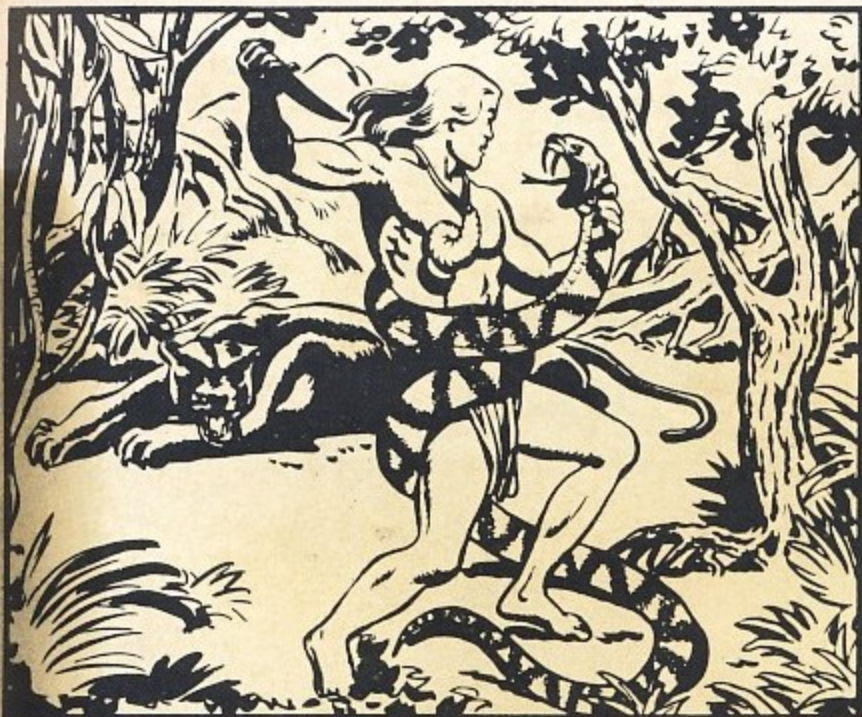
LOTS OF MOVEMENT, BUT I HAVE IT ALL SPOTTED. TWELVE TANKS, THREE ARMORED CARS, AND TEN WEAPON CARRIERS. I'D BETTER START BACK IF I WANT TO MAKE IT BY 0600.



**T**HIS, THEN, IS THE TASK OF THE SCOUT... THE EYES OF THE INFANTRY! IT IS LONELY, DANGEROUS WORK, BUT HIGHLY IMPORTANT... A JOB FOR BRAVE MEN... FOR INFANTRYMEN!







# ON SALE JANUARY 26th WILD BOY

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HERE IS AN AUTOGRAPHED PICTURE OF G.I. JOE, AND SGT. MULVANEY, THAT YOU WILL CERTAINLY WANT. THESE TWO ARMY BUDDIES MAY HAVE NO GREAT LOVE FOR EACH OTHER, BUT WHEN THEY CLASH WITH THE FOES OF OUR COUNTRY, THEY FORM A HARD-HITTING, UNBEATABLE TEAM!

ALSO IN THIS PICTURE ARE REPRESENTATIONS OF THE DIVISIONAL SHOULDER PATCHES OF THE GALLANT INFANTRY UNITS WHICH HAVE WRITTEN SUCH A GLORIOUS PAGE IN AMERICAN MILITARY HISTORY BY THEIR VALOR IN KOREA!

SAVE THIS PAGE. IT IS A SOUVENIR YOU WILL LONG TREASURE!

- 1 1ST. CAVALRY DIVISION
- 2 2ND. INFANTRY DIVISION
- 3 7TH. INFANTRY DIVISION
- 4 24TH. INFANTRY DIVISION
- 5 25TH. INFANTRY DIVISION